BRISTOL IS BUCKS COUNTY'S METROPOLIS

The Bucks County Gazette.

THE GAZETTE Is the Leading Paper of BRISTOL

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THE RETURN HOME.

I thought it would be sweet to walk again
The quaint old streets, to see each well known scene,
To live again my childhood. Years of pain
And toil had wrought great longing to cram
E'en memory of late days; my weary brain
And world worn heart turned backward to retrace
Life's early morn—forgetting all between.
Alas, how changed I find the dear old place!

So r[illegible]y gone of friends that once I knew.
St[illegible]ge faces greet me as I pass along.
Tho[illegible]e whom I left so gladly ere the dew
Was brushed from budding hopes of roseate bloom
Lie low where droop the cypress and the yew,
And they, my kindred, spared as yet the tomb
Are not the same; ties erstwhile close and strong
Are severed, and my spirit tastes of gloom.

This is my coming home? Alas, alas,
Home is not home bereft of love and friends,
Its walls frown strangely on me as I pass,
Old landmarks perished are; the very air
Lacks a familiar savor; 'neath the grass
In yon churchyard lies all my heart now dare
Infold in thoughts of home. Thus fall life's ends!
Thus perish dreams of joy! Thus dawns despair!

—Philadelphia Ledger.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Many wheelmen visit Bristol.

—Isaac Webb has been granted a pension.

—Watermellons and peaches are in their prime.

—The new standpipe for the water works is daily expected

—There is quite a demand for whooping-cough remedies in Bristol.

—The Democratic County Convention will be held on Monday, August 31st.

—Weather experts promise that there will be no hot wave for several days at least.

—Officer Tice arrested a couple of drunken men on Mill street on Saturday afternoon.

—A Bristol coal dealer offers ladies' and gentlemen's watches and bicyles to large purchasers.

—Stephen K. Atkinson, of Newtown, candidate for county recorder, was in Bristol the other day.

—The New York Herald's weather forecast predicts fair and warmer weather for to-morrow and Saturday.

—A number of the Bristol Knights of Pythias expect to go to Cleveland to the biennial encampment next week.

—An Italian employee of the Pennsylvania Railroad had his hand badly crushed between two freight cars last Saturday.

—G. S. W. Brubaker, of Lancaster, Pa., has been awarded the contract for the extension of the Bristol and Langhorne trolley line.

—Robert Kitz, who had a hearing before Esquire Louderbough last Thursday afternoon, upon a charge of cruelty to animals, was committed to jail in default of $300 bail

—Henry C Ford, President of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, who established the station above Bristol for the incubation of shad, died on Monday in a Philadelphia hospital.

—There was no business of moment at the meeting of the Board of Health on last Monday evening. The health officer, John Wilkinson, reported the town to be in good sanitary condition.

—Treasurer Wright will receive the borough taxes up to the first of September, after that those remaining unpaid will be placed in the hands of a collector, and five per cent added together with costs of collection.

—The Rancocas Creek, from Mount Holly to Delanco, is being patroled by Game Warden Wise, who is determined to prevent reed bird shooting until September 1. the time fixed by law.

—Charles Leibert, the painter who was so badly hurt some weeks ago by falling from the scaffolding at Girard avenue bridge, Philadelphia, and who has since been receiving treatment for his injuries at the German hospital, was brought home last Saturday.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol post-office, August 20th, 1896: Miss Margaret Brown, Bath street; Elwood Barton, John Duggan, Chas. Terry, Miss Hannah Harkins, Mrs Morris, Wood street; C. W. Slemmer, Harry J. Tryon, Mrs. C. A. Warner, Mrs. Deborah A. Wood.

—Herman Carpenter, of Langhorne, while witnessing a game of base ball in Philadelphia, had his pocket book containing $12, railroad tickets and papers stolen, leaving him without a cent. He made his condition known at the Lehigh avenue police station and was taken to a hotel and given his supper and lodging.

—The Republican County Committee met at Doylestown last Monday. The attendance of committeemen, politicions, and candidates for office was large. The meeting was called to order in the Library room, Lenape Hall, at 11 o'clock, A. M., by John C. Swartley, County Chairman. The committee got down to work promptly and decided to hold the County Convention on the Court House lawn, on Monday, September 14th. A proposition to recommend a change in the party rules and elect delegates to the County Convention was lost by a vote of 36 to 5.

—The Democrats of Doylestown vicinity held a meeting on Tuesday evening to take action in the matter of being represented at the Sound Money Democratic State Convention to be held in Philadelphia. Arthur Chapman was chosen chairman and John O. James, Secretary. The following were adopted: "Resolved, that a convention of Sound Money Democrats be called to convene in Doylestown on Saturday, August 22, at 2.30 o'clock, for the purpose of selecting delegates from Bucks County to attend the convention called to meet in Philadelphia on August 25, and take such other action as to the meeting shall seem appropriate. Resolved, that an invitation be extended to such Democrats in the county to attend as are in accord with the proposed movement."

—A merry party of some of Bristol's young people went over to Corkscrew Lodge last Monday evening, and a permit having been given by the Board of Health enjoyed a cool plunge in the Delaware which served to make the sandwiches, coffee, cake, etc., disappear like Bristol maples before a cyclone. After performing an Indian war dance around a large fire, the party, which consisted of the following, returned home: Mrs. A. Weir Gilkeson, Mrs. Evans Wilson, Misses Helen and Ethel Gilkeson, Bessie and Esther Beatty, Messrs. George Hughes, Clarence Thomas, Lardner and Armand Morris, Frank Gilkeson, Jr., Morris Dorrance and George Jarvis.

Personal Mention.

Mr. Doron Green is at Ocean Grove.

Miss Lizzie Klett is at Atlantic City.

Rev. C H. Rorer is at Ocean Grove.

Dr. Charles Abbott is at Nonquitt, Mass.

Miss Elizabeth Burton is a Columbus, N. J.

Mrs. J. M. Winder is at Ocean Grove, N. J.

Miss Frances Landreth is at Spring Lake, N. J.

Miss Edith Wood is visiting friends at Reading, Pa.

Miss Louise A. Doron is at Atlantic City for several weeks.

Mrs. Clara M. Allen is visiting at Oakryn, Lancaster county, Pa.

Dr. C. E. King left to-day for several week's stay at Honesdale, Pa.

Mrs. Strauser and daughter have returned from a month's stay at Atlantic City.

Miss Lillian Shields is visiting her sister, Mrs. Hendrickson, at Lawrenceville, N. J.

Miss Nellie Pope has returned to Bristol from a three weeks visit to Davisville, Pa.

Misses Florence M. Wright and Amy Smith are visiting friends at Hamburg, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward N. Booz left Bristol last Monday for a week's visit at Columbia, Pa.

Mr. Richard Trudgen and his daughter, Mrs. Samuel Valentine, are at Atlantic City this week.

Samuel Swain and Walter Laing are in attendance at the Friends Biennial Conference at Swarthmore.

Walter F. Leedom spent Saturday and Sunday at Manhattan Beach with his brother, Jesse Leedom.

Misses Caroline and Elizabeth Kinsey left Bristol this morning for several weeks sojourn at Ocean Grove.

William C. Watson, Esq., editor of the Press, Lehighton, Pa., spent several days in Bristol during the past week.

Miss Marie Metlar, of Brooklyn, who has been visiting at Dr. Pursell's for several week's left for her home to-day.

Horsewhipped by His Wife.

Harry S. Henry, a well-known turfman, the owner of the Penn Valley stud farm at Morrisville, was horsewhipped by his wife on Kentucky avenue, Atlantic City, on Monday evening in the presence of fully 2,000 persons.

When the row began Henry was in an omnibus which had just backed up to the Hotel Berkley. Two women had alighted from it and had entered the hotel.

The omnibus was about to be driven off when Mrs. Henry stopped the driver and told her husband she wanted to speak to him. Henry told the driver to go ahead, but the infuriated woman rushed to the horse's head and grabbed the bridle.

The driver jumped out and tried to release his horse from the woman's grasp, but she held fast, and said she would not let go until her husband got out. He finally did so, and the two walked up the avenue followed by the crowd.

They had gone but a hundred yards when Mrs. Henry drew from her dress an ordinary whip, which was doubled, and dealt her husband two stinging blows across the face.

The strokes had hardly been delivered when Henry hit his wife a heavy blow on the jaw, knocking her down. The minute he struck her he started to run, but was grabbed by a private detective in the employ of his wife.

Dolan and another man who had been with Henry in the omnibus rushed to his assistance and soon had him free of the detective. He had not gone many steps, however, when he was placed under arrest by a policeman and was taken to Headquarters.

Mrs. Henry, the detective, and Henry's friends accompanied him to the police station, where the arrested man had an immediate and secret hearing.

Mrs. Henry was first allowed to tell her story, and was just about to sign her testimony and swear to it when Mr. Dolan interposed and pleaded with her not to do so. She consented, and Henry was discharged.

To Ask For a Bridge Jury.

A petition will be presented at the next term of court signed by a number of Hulmeville citizens setting forth the opinion that the county bridge at that place in the opinion of the petitioners is in an unsafe condition to travel, and asking the Court to appoint a jury to view the bridge, and if found to be unsafe to have the same replaced by a new bridge.

The damaged pier at Hulmeville bridge, the foundation of which was washed out by the floods during the past Winter, is now being repaired by Contractor Kane and a force of men. A cofferdam has been built around the pier and an engine pumps the water from the foundation which will be relaid with stone and cement.

—The Eleventh Street Opera House Philadelphia begins its season of merriment and satire early in September. Dumont's Minstrels will continue to give minstrelsy of the best and most progressive kind. The entertainment will be devoted to minstrelsy with burlesques, grand singing, dancing, music, wit and everything calculated to make mankind merry and especially for families and little ones. The great popular matinees at 25 cents will continue to be a special feature. Hughey Doughey, Dave Foy, Harry Shunk, Murphy, Turner and the Delmanning Brothers will furnish the fun and the greatest minstrel company ever seen in Philadelphia will present all local events in a most humorous manner. George W. Barber, who has been the lessee since 1875, still retains the same. George S. Hetzell, for many years connected with this family resort, is the Business Manager.

An Incendiary Fire.

A destructive fire broke out Tuesday morning on the farm of Jesse Harper, in Falls township, above Bristol, which destroyed his large barn, with all its crops of this year, together with valuable farm implements. All the live stock was saved. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary. This is the third barn with all its crops that has been fired within a few weeks in Falls and Upper Makefield townships. Mr. Harper was partially insured in the Bucks county companies.

Mr. Wanger in Bucks County.

Previous to his departure for Colorado, where he will stay for several weeks, Hon. Irving P. Wanger paid a visit to Bucks county for several days during the past week. On Friday he visited Newtown as the guest of J. Herman Barnsley. On the same evening a very pleasant informal reception was given at the residence of J. Pemberton Hutchinson in honor of Mr. Wanger, which was largely attended by many citizens of the town and vicinity. Mr. Wanger made a speech on the issues of the campaign dwelling especially on the question of the free coinage of silver.

On Monday night Mr. Wanger addressed the Republicans of Buckingham and Solebury townships at Joseph Hart's place on the dividing line between the two townships, about a mile below Lahaska. There was a large and enthusiastic crowd present, hundreds of people being there to meet Mr. Wanger and hear his address.

After music by the New Hope band, the meeting was called to order by Charles Betts, of Lahaska, who introduced Mr. Wanger to the audience.

Mr. Wanger first acknowledged the gratitude he felt for the hearty reception given him, also expressing his appreciation of the compliment paid him by Buckingham and Solebury in the recent Congressional convention. He felt, he said, that his constituents in this county had approved of his attitude upon the tariff issue in the past, and the policy of the party in the present contest ought to meet with the approval of all Republicans. Mr. Wanger then plunged into the great question of the day, the currency issue

The people should realize, he said, that all wealth is the product of labor. It is not the province of legislation to create wealth without labor. Any theory or proposition that suggests this smacks of dishonesty. Wise legislation may foster and protect labor, but it is by labor alone that wealth is produced.

As to gold and silver he was as favorable to one as the other so far as the mere metal is concerned. There is no reason to have a preference where they subserve the needs of the people. But statesmen and governments had tried in vain to keep the two metals at a parity. A change of ratio would cause one or the other to disappear.

Early American statesmen had experimented in this. Older countries had passed through the same experience.

Mr. Wanger quoted abundant statistics to demonstrate this fact, and recited the history of the paper currency of war times.

During the war there was a vast army to feed, and the producers of the country were consumers in the field. Business was on an artificial basis.

The silver men are constantly talking about the crime of '73. Could any candid man allege that an act, which the silver men claim was accomplished in secret, do the harm it was alleged to have done when it took months to find out that it had been passed? The panic which began with the failure of Jay Cooke was merely coincident with it. That panic was the termination of a period of over-speculation, and also the result of a large accumulation of silver in the great money centres.

No nation on the face of the globe could attempt to redeem a cheaper metal with a dearer metal unless it had the wealth to buy all the cheaper metal the world produces. Such an attempt in this country would mean bankruptcy and dishonor. How could trade or any individual be benefited by such legislation except the very men our silver friends call money sharks, the bankers?

European nations are now seeking to get upon a gold basis, following the example of England.

A modern illustration of the currency question could be found in India, which had free silver until 1893. Such distress prevailed that free coinage was suspended and that country's condition is better to-day than it was three years ago.

It is now proposed that we settle not only our national debts but private obligations on the basis of 50 cents on the dollar. If this is just why not settle at nothing and when we want money call on the printing presses to manufacture it?

The average life of all obligations is less than four years Now if the silver people carry out their platform and are as long about it as they were in enacting tariff legislation, it will take two years before a debt can be collected under their proposed monetary system.

Imagine the alarm of creditors who anticipate a settlement in a depreciated currency. What hope would there be for the debtor. As certain as the sun will rise the payment of all obligations would be demanded.

A vast number of securities would be thrown upon the market. It would stay the hand of the lender. A panic would be inaugurated the like of which this country has never seen. The result would be the depreciation of all property including farms and other real estate. Disorder and depression would destroy markets. This would be the result of following the free silver mirage. No good could come by joining hands with discarded policies.

It is not to those who are experimenters that we can look for security. The success of the Republican party means that toil will secure its just reward. It means that America will continue to lead the world in the pathway of progress with results that will eclipse all achievements in the past.

Three rousing cheers were given for the ticket and Mr. Wanger at the close of his address.

Trolley to Langhorne.

After four years of effort the project of building a trolley line to Langhorne has at last surmounted the various difficulties that have retarded its building and all obstacles are now removed. The right of way has been obtained. Two-thirds of the total amount of money required for the construction of the road has been subscribed, the contract for the building of the road has been signed and the work of building the road will begin next week. It is expected that the road will be finished and the trolley cars running between Bristol and Langhorne about the first of November.

—The night watchman at Albany, Mo., rings the big bell when he thinks the clouds indicate the near approch of a heavy storm.

A Short Essay on the Flow of Progress.

The march of progress is slow but sure. It is everywhere apparent. It tolerates no such thing as a halt. In all directions we see the steps of improvement. Old things pass away or go into retirement, and new ones come to the surface. None of us would return to old ways if we could.

How awkward it would be to re-instate the antiquated methods of transportation. Who would wish to abandon the present methods of travel and take up those in vogue a century ago? Facilities and conveniences are constantly adding their advantages to the common walks of life. Comforts enter every home that were unknown to the homes of our grandfathers. Who would be willing to give up the Rochester lamp, the Welsbach light, the electric light, the telephone, the elevator, the bicycle, or even, in this weather, the ice-cream freezer? We cannot spare them. Our grandmothers plodded on without them.

Even where we had reason to suppose that improvement had found its climax, a new step is taken, and a fresh joy flows from the change. The daily paper brings into homes an epitome of the world's daily history. Who can afford to do without it? Benjamin Franklin would look upon this marvel of progress with delight and astonishment had he eyes to behold it.

Even newspapers disclose changes for the better. They are not what they were. It is a rare thing to meet with one that is employed simply or partly as a vehicle for giving currency to rude manners and the printed evidences of a low and abusive nature. If any one should write a letter nowadays to a respectable newspaper in a refined community, blemished with scurrility or tainted with indignities, it would be straightway scorned and rejected.

Newspapers not only chronicle events, but they are mostly educators and civilizers. They teach courtesy. They instruct in politeness. They are generally examples of propriety. How much higher their tone is than formerly. They might almost be called agents of culture.

A courteous and refined newspaper is now the rule. The low, the crude, the rude, the vulgar is the exception. Far away in the wilds of the land, or in those remote regions that know not the light of civilizing influences, you may here and there find a weekly paper that keeps alive the business of the boor or the profession of the bumpkin, but in the course of time even these will be reached and cleansed by some sturdy wave of civilization.

Rudyard Kipling complains of what he properly call the "blackguardism" which he finds in the United States. If he will compare the present with the time when Charles Dickens wrote "Martin Chuzzlewit," he will discover a great change in this respect.

The occupation of the blackguard is slowly passing into "innocuous desuetude." Let us hope that the time is not distant when his voice will no longer be heard in the land, and that before many generations pass away that uncouth character will be as extinct as the Dodo. The world has no use for that superfluous laggard in the march of progress, but of all people who keep themselves conspicuously before the public, he is the loudest in advertising his profession. R.

BRISTOL, August 17, 1896.

Hollow Predictions.

The owners of silver mines are the chief advocates of the free coinage of the white metal at the ratio of 16 to 1. They would reap the principle advantage of the success of their object. To them the passage of a law declaring 16 ounces of silver to be equal to one ounce of gold would be a direct and important advantage. Herein lies the secret their persistency. This accounts for their inspiring motive. How accomodating it would be to them for the National Government to pass a law for their benefit, a law that would double their wealth in a day.

Four years ago the farmers of the United States were deceived into believing that if they would vote for Cleveland they would get a dollar a bushel for their wheat. They voted for Cleveland, enough of them, at least, to elect him. Before two years had passed they were selling two bushels of wheat for a dollar. Disappointment stung them to the quick. They feel it yet.

Now the silver philosophers, or sophisters, tell them that if they vote for Bryan and free silver they will get higher prices for their produce. Can they be fooled a second time? Is this prediction worth any more than the one made four years ago? It is safer to doubt it than to trust it

There can be no doubt whatever about the dawn of an era of prosperity as a result of the triumph of the Republican ticket. A Republican administration will so conduct affairs as to put an end to the period of depression and the gloom of discontent, and lay the foundation for an era of good times. A vote for this ticket is not only a vote for sound money and true patriotism, but it is also a vote for the promotion and protection of American industry and the welfare of the American people.

BRISTOL, August 14, 1896.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—I see that John Burton, Jr., wrote a letter to the GAZETTE explaining that another letter written by him was a "legitimate production." This was never doubted. The authorship of the letter was well understood after the exposure of the rascality that gave it a false heading with the view of deceiving the public. I think he is mistaken in saying that the GAZETTE noticed the letter "reprehensively." It was the fraud, the deception that was thus noticed—the knavery that sought to give the letter another paternity.

Probably the editors of all the papers that published the letter were deceived into believing that it was written by the elder gentleman, the only one of any note or prominence that could legally use the signature that was appended to it. It was that signature which gave it significance, otherwise it never would have commanded the slightest attention.

It is not likely that the young man ever wrote a letter that more imperatively required him to fortify it against the possibility of its misleading the public. He strangely omitted that precaution.

JUSTICE.

Try a can of Hopkins' Steamed Hominy (Hulled Corn). It is delicious. Full qt, 10c.

Why Free Silver Would Not Help the Farmer.

It is contended by the advocates of free coinage that the farmer especially would be greatly benefited by the change to a cheaper dollar. As the price of the things the farmer has to buy would increase in proportion to the nominal increase in the prices of farm products, it is certainly difficult to see wherein he would be benefitted. But this is not all. The farmer with crops for sale depends for his prices and pay upon prosperous customers. Who are his customers? Engaged in gainful occupation in the United States, outside of agriculture, there are 700,000 clerks and bookkeepers, 650,000 carpenters and joiners, 400,000 steam railroad employes, 260,000 salesmen and saleswomen, 220,000 painters and glaziers, 200,000 blacksmiths, 160,000 masons, 370,000 hackmen and teamsters, 660,000 retail merchants, 2,000,000 ordinary laborers, 200,000 boot and shoemakers, 350,000 miners and others to the number of about 7,000,000 who are engaged in professional or domestic service, trade, and transportation or manufacturing and mechanical industries. In addition there are multitudes of persons whose incomes consist of pensions or fixed stipends from investments. The New York Commercial Advertiser declares that "this grand aggregate of consumers, with those dependent upon them, compose probably two thirds of our entire population of 70,000,000 people, or not far from 45,000,000 persons." Cut down the purchasing power of the wages of these consumers of farm products almost one-half and what will become of the so-called high price for farmers?

Prices depend upon demand. Demand depends upon the ability of the consumer. The customer's ability to buy depends upon the purchasing power of his wages. The purchasing power of his earnings depends upon the soundness of the dollars he receives. As the Commerical Advertiser argues, wages would rise slowly if at all. They did not rise during the era of depreciated greenbacks; they have not risen in silver-standard countries like Mexico, Nicaragua, and Japan, and they never have under any cheap money experiment that has ever been tried. If free coinage should cause gold to be hoarded or to go out of circulation and reduce all the paper money of the country to the silver basis, this would leave the per capita of the country much lower than it now is. This great reduction in the volume of money would be apt to prevent even a nominal rise in the prices of farm products. The enormous loss of wages by the farmers' customers because of a change to cheap dollars and of failures in industrial and commercial concerns would make his misfortune complete. The farmer gets now very little for his crops, but every dollar he receives is good and the markets are always open. He cannot better his condition by demanding a cheaper dollar. Even the farmer who is in debt will find it more difficult to pay if the country is carried down to a silver basis. The only beneficiaries of the change for which fiatists contend will be the mine barons, speculators, and gamblers in mining stocks, discounters and shavers and the attorneys and agents of the great syndicate of silver promoters who head the movement by which the country is now worked up. Free silver will hurt and not help the farmer.—Galveston News.

Mills and Mints.

The newspapers have very generally published with enthusiastic comment a single sentence that lately fell from the lips of McKinley, a sentence sparkling with vitality and laden with suggestion.

Bryan delivered a speech in New York that was intended to be great. People freely call it a great failure. It was a source of cruel disappointment. It came no where near the high level of expectation. As an oratorical effort it had no special significance. It did not even set the North River on fire. It lacked the igniting element.

McKinley's brief speech, delivered the same day, contained this impressive sentence: "It is a good deal better to open up the mills of the United States to the labor of America than to open up the mints of the United States to the silver of the world."

That one ringing sentence far outweighs a column of the Bryan oratory. It signifies more than a whole volume of sophistry concerning the mintage of silver. Any one can understand it. It calls for no explanation. Every workingman can apprehend its force. Every man and every woman thrown out of employment by the closing of mills, whether they are located here in Bristol or anywhere else, will keenly feel its truth.

It is not cheap money that these people want, but the opportunity to earn daily wages to be paid in honest dollars. They are not clamoring for a debased currency; they simply want a chance to gain by unbroken toil a fair day's pay in good money for a full day's work. A depreciated currency will not help the laborer. He wants to be paid in dollars that have the full purchasing power of one hundred cents. Above all, he wants a fair chance to earn these honest dollars. If he cannot get work he cannot earn. Life goes on. Life must be sustained. Work is the universal sustainer of the willing hands of the workman. The opportunity to toil and earn is the prime necessity.

Not only do the open mills in full operation help the toilers in these mills, but they indirectly pour out help all about them. Every avocation in their vicinity reaps an advantage. Money spent is money earned. We all feel the enlivening effect of the pulsations of industry.

It is not cheaper money that people want, made so by debasement, but security against the curse of enforced idleness. They want that satisfaction, that contentment, and that peace of mind which spring from the blessing of certain and continuous employment.

If the efforts which the advocates of free silver are making to open the mints of the United States to the coinage of cheap dollars, were directed towards the enactment of laws that would set in motion all the wheels of industry and open the mills throughout the land, the cloud of depression would be lifted, and everywhere we would see the gladsome tokens of prosperity.

Notice of Removal.

Dr. J. D. Thomas, specialist in the painless extraction of teeth with nitrous oxide gas, has removed from 912 to 1122 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Poisoned by Ice Cream.

Thursday last a large number of farmers and their families went to the mountain harvest home held near Rileysville, N. J., about twelve miles from Lambertville. Among those who attended were George Buchanan and his fiancee, Miss May Frizzel, both of Matthews' Corner. After having eaten dinner, they later partook of some ice cream, and about 9 o'clock drove home, arriving at the Frizzel house about 10.30. Buchanan remained with Miss Frizzel until early in the morning, as is the country custom. About 6 a. m. Friday Miss Frizzel was taken with vomiting spells.

Domestic remedies were used, but she gradually got worse. Becoming alarmed, her parents sent to Lambertville for a doctor. When the doctor arrived, about 4.30 p m., he found her very low, and, despite his efforts, she died at 6.30 o'clock. Many others who attended the harvest home and ate the cream were similiarly affected, although not so violently, and all are now recovered. It is thought the can in which the cream was made had become polluted in some way, poisoning those who ate the cream. Miss Frizzel was 19 years old, and a general favorite in the circle in which she moved. She was an organist in the Rock Methodist Episcopal Church.

Ludicrous Use of the Kinetoscope.

When a series of photographs in a kinetoscope is reversed a curious spectacle is seen. As almost every one knows, the person looking into the kinetoscope apparently sees some little scene enacted before his eyes, a long film of instantaneous photographs revolving about a reel so rapidly that no break is apparent. When the reel is reversed the spectator sees a drinker take up an empty glass and replace it full upon the table; a man smoking has the stump of a cigar fly at him from the floor, takes it to his mouth and sees the smoke originate in the room, draws it into his month and into the cigar, which gradually grows longer and is finally placed in his pocket. A wrestler who has discarded his garments is re-covered with them by their walking up to him and getting into place, and a man seated at a table before an empty plate works hard taking bite after bite from his mouth till finally the plate contains a whole chicken and the empty side dishes are full.—Chicago News.

A New Roadway.

A new kind of highway introdneed in California consists of a gutter steel track one-fourth of an inch thick and five inches wide, flat on the bottom, with sides half an inch high, then extending outward one and one-half inch, then down the same. It is spiked to a longitudinal timber laid cross ties, no spike heads being on the surface, and the track is perfectly smooth; the laying is four feet eight and one-half inches from centre to centre—the standard gauge of all the wagons and railroad cars. The middle and sides are filled in with stone, so that, in fact, the structure is a macadamized road, with steel tracks for the wagon wheels; and on this kind of track one horse will draw twenty times as much as on a dirt road, and the economic revolution involved in such a plan is not to be doubted in veiw of the statement officially made, namely, that freight can be hauled on such a steel track road for less than half the average on lateral roads.—New York Sun.

He Stole Bridge Tolls.

Enoch Meginnes, Jr., a well-known young man of Lambertville, N. J., was arrested Saturday afternoon on a charge of grand larceny on a warrant sworn out by the New Hope Delaware Bridge Company before Justice William Lyman. Meginnes is the son of the toll-keeper of the Delaware River Bridge and collected the tolls while his father ate his meals. He is charged with the larceny of $1,500, extending over a period of two years and he was held in $800 bail.

At the hearing, Meginnes admitted to the Justice that he had taken sums of money varying from $2 to $5 a day. It turned out that the warrant was issued upon information furnished by a new-found friend of Meginnes, who was a Pinkerton detective, and had wheedled an admission of his thefts out of him.

Montgomery Republicans.

The Republican Convention in Montgomery county was the largest and most enthusiastic one ever held there.

The resolution endorsing the renomination of Congressman Wanger was heartily cheered. It is as follows:

"We rejoice in the renomination of Hon. Irving P. Wanger, to represent in Congress the Seventh Pennsylvania District. Able in all he does, devoted to his whole constituency, and actuated by the laudable motive of service to his country, his record has been so highly honorable as to reflect credit on the district, and this county pledges her hearty support in assisting to roll up the largest majority he has ever received.

No More Dirty Wall Papers.

A dirty wall paper is always untidy looking, besides being very unwholesome, and the following recipe for cleansing has recently been given: "Mix four pounds of common wheat flour with two pints of cold water. Knead this into a stiff dough, and form it into two or three balls. Wipe the paper all over with it, and as the dough becomes dirty work the soiled parts into the middle and the clean parts outside. This quantity will be found sufficient to clean a very large room. Begin at the top of the paper and work downwards till all is cleaned."

—Ian Maclaren's new short story, the last he will write until after his American visit, has been secured by The Ladies' Home Journal, for publication in the October and November issues. It is called "The Minister of St. Bede's," and is said to be in the brightest and cleverest Maclarenesque vein. Besides its charm as a delightful romance, the story is said to be notable for the admirable character that the author has created for the chief personage—the minister of St. Bede's, as the loyal lover of an humble Scotch lassie.

—The voters of the Seventh district are well satisfied with the renomination of Congressman Wanger. There seems to be no great anxiety on the part of anyone to run against him on the Populist-Democratic ticket. The sound money Democrat will vote for Mr. Wanger, knowing that his position on the currency question is just what it should be.—Norristown Herald.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Up the Hudson.

On August 6, 13, 20, and 27 the Pennsylvania Railroad will run excursions to the "Upper Hudson," under personal escort. Special train will leave Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, at 7.34 A. M., stopping at principal intermediate points between Philadelphia and Trenton.

A stop of one and a half hours is made at West Point, to enable excursionists to view the world-renowned United States Military Academy.

In order to insure an earlier return to Philadelphia than heretofore, the stop at Newburgh will be omitted, although steamer will run to a point off Newburgh and there turn.

Tickets will be sold at the following round-trip rates: From Philadelphia, Bristol, and intermediate stations, $2.50; Philadelphia (Market Street Wharf), Florence, and intermediate stations, $2.50; Bordentown, $2.25; Trenton, $2 00; Tulpohocken, Westmoreland, and intermediate stations, $2.50; Upsal, Carpenter, and Allen's Lane, $2.60; Wissahickon Heights, Highland, and Chestnut Hill, $2 70.

At Germantown Junction connection will be made with regular trains from Chestnut Hill Branch, and at Trenton with 6.10 A. M. train from Philadelphia (Market Street Wharf) via Camden. Connection will also be made at Frankford with 7.34 A. M. train from Kensington. 4t.

—The complete novel in the September issue of Lippincott's is "A Marital Liability," by Elizabeth Phipps Train, well known as the author of "A Social Highwayman." Its hero chivalrously bears the punishment of another's crime, but ultimately gets his deserts, which are high. "A Hard Answer, and How it Turned Away Wrath," is a brief but vigorous Texan tale by Alice MacGowan. Henry A. Parker tells "How Hawkins was Regulated," which was in a manner wholly unexpected by the Regulators. "A Painting of Apelles," of which Wolf von Schierbrand writes, is supposed to be secretly preserved in a monastery on Mount Athos, and to be copied by a Greek artist, who had to become a monk to obtain access to it. Jean Theodore van Gestel, the Dutch explorer in the East Indies, describes "A Tiger-Hunt in Borneo," which had no tiger in it, but was not the less dangerous for that. Dr. A. L. Benedict has an interesting and instructive paper on "The Life of a Medical Student." Theodore Stanton details the "Advantages of International Exhibitions," and the late Col. John A. Cockerill, whose journalistic fame was won in cities, tells "How to Conduct a Local Newspaper. "Heroines, Past and Present," are lightly handled by Nina R. Allen. For "Company" Dr. Charles C. Abbott evidently has little liking.

—McClure's Magazine for September will contain the first report ever published of Abraham Lincoln's famous "Lost Speech," delivered at Bloomington, before the first Republican State Convention held in Illinois. "I never witnessed such a scene before or since," says Joseph Medill, editor of the Chicago "Tribune," who was a member of the convention and writes an introduction to the report of the speech describing the occasion.

Greatly Reduced Rates to Cleveland, Ohio, via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the Biennial Encampment of the Knights of Pythias, to be held at Cleveland, Ohio, August 23 to 30, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell from all stations on its system, on August 22 to 24 inclusive, special excursion ticket to Cleveland at a fare and third for the round trip, good to return leaving Cleveland August 27 to 31 inclusive.

Special Notice.

The American Fire Insurance Co. desires to give notice that G. W. Parsons, of Eddington, is no longer its agent, and that he has no authority to act for the company in any capacity whatever. It has come to its knowledge that some policies have been altered by said Parsons, after they were written, changing the contract without authority, and we request all policy holders whose policies contain erasures or interlinations to return same to the office of the company, at 308 Walnut street, Philadelphia, for comparison and correction. This company will not be responsible for any act or statement of said G. W. Parsons after date of this notice. WILLIAM B. KELLY, General Agent.

One Way to be Happy

Is at all times to attend to the comforts of your family. Should any one of them catch a slight Cold or Cough, prepare yourself and call at once on Harry H. Headley, sole agent and get a trial bottle of Otto's Cure, the great German Remedy, Free. We give it away to prove that we have a sure Cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Large sizes 50c and 25c.

—Rudolph Blankenburg, of the Business Men's Committee, of Philadelphia, has requested the business men of Amber to organize with the view to the promotion of the campaign for honest money and protection.

—Only 116 divorces have been granted in Canada during the last 20 years.

Cow for Sale.

A fine young cow, coming in with her second calf will be sold at a reasonable price, by PETER MAGEE, Pine Street.

For Sale.

The frame dwelling at No. 817 Pond street, between Washington and Lafayette is offered for sale on easy terms. Inquire of FRED FISHER, 437 Lafayette street.

Wanted.

Three good reliable men for canvassing and collecting. Must be hustlers. Best of reference required. Address,
P. F. BYRNES,
P. O. Box 662, Burlington, N. J.

—Beware of cheap coals, as they cause the housekeeper much trouble. You can get the best Lehigh from W. F. Leedom, brought to his wharf by Bristol boatmen direct from Mauch Chunk.

—The latest achievement in photography is taking a picture 500 feet under water.

If you have ever seen a little child in the agony of summer complaint, you can realize the danger of the trouble and appreciate the value of instantaneous relief always afforded by DeWitt's Colic & Cholery Cure. For dysentery and diarrhœa it is a reliable remedy. We could not afford to recommend this as a cure unless it were a cure. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill Street,

—The undertakers of Louisville, Ky., have decided that they will henceforth call themselves "morticians."

Theories of cure may be discussed at length by physicians, but the sufferers want quick relief; and One Minute Cough Cure will give it to them. A safe cure for children. It is "the only harmless remedy that produces immediate results." J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill Street.

—The Chicago Post Office authorities are experimenting with a patent aluminium mail carrier to run on wires.

Don't trifle away time when you have cholery morbus or diarrhœa. Fight them in the beginning with DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. You don't have to wait for results, they are instantaneous, and it leaves the bowels in healthy condition. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill Street.

—The hairs in the ear of a cat are so sensitive that if touched as with a pencil the animal shudders.

It doesn't matter much whether sick headache, biliousness, indigestion, and constipation are caused by neglect or by unavoidable circumstances; DeWitt's Little Early Risers will speedily cure them all. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill Street.

—Deafness is more prevalent in cold than in warm countries, the ear being sensitive to changes in temperature.

The whole system is drained and undermined by indolent ulcers and open sores. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve speedily heals them. It is the best pile cure known. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill Street.

—The British aristocracy includes 14,000 persons.

Many a day's work is lost by sick headache, caused by indigestion and stomach troubles. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the most effectual pill for overcoming such difficulties. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill street.

—Nearly 70,000 tons of cork are needed for the bottled beer and aerated waters consumed annually in Britain.

"Boys will be boys" but you can't afford to lose any of them. Be ready for the green apple season by having DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure in the house. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill street.

—Some London ladies have provided their carriage horses with straw hats to protect them from the sun's rays.

Poison Ivy, insect bites, bruises, scalds, burns, are quickly cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the great pile cure. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill Street.

The GAZETTE is the leading Republican paper in Bucks county.

Room For Rent.

Third story room of Washington Hall for lodge purposes. For terms, etc., apply to
B. C. FOSTER,
Cor. Wood and Mill Sts.

For Sale.

Two portable heaters used at the Baptist church are for sale. They are in good condition and have been superceded by hot water apparatus. Will be sold cheap. Apply to S. T. VALENTINE, 326 Radcliffe St.

Every business man should have it in his office: it is an invaluable companion—"The Rand-McNally Railway Guide."

For Sale.

On easy terms, the desirable three story brick business stand, situate Nos. 457-459 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa. Apply to
JOHN C. STUCKERT.

Houses For Sale.

A rare opportunity to purchase a home or investment. Four six-roomed houses, Nos. 449 to 457 Lafayette Street, for $850; also five six-roomed houses on Spruce Street, Nos. 645 to 653, for $500 each. Terms suitable to purchases. If desirable arrangements can be made for easy monthly payments. Apply to EDW. BARTON,
153 Buckley St., Bristol.

Half rates to Milwaukee.

On account of the National Convention of Republican League Clubs, August 23, 24 and 25 The North-Western Line (Ceicago & North-Western Railway) will sell excursion tickets from Chicago to Milwaukee and return at rate of one fare for the round trip. For tickets and full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Spring and Summertrade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

Notice of Lost Certificates.

The following named persons having lost their certificates for their respective holdings in the first series of the capital stock of the Fidelity Building Association to-wit: Patriek Archer, certificate No. 90, for 5 shares; Ellen Harkins, certificate No. 273, for 5 shares; Fred Glebe, certificate No. 33, for 2 shares; W. Nelson Jarvis, certificate No. 201, for 5 shares; Mary E. Vanarsdale, certificate No. 38, for 2 shares, and application having been made for the issue of new certificates for the said stock.

Notice is hereby given that on and after the expiration of four weeks from the date of this notice, the said certificates Nos. 90, 273, 33, 201, and 38 will be void unless previously delivered to the undersigned and new certificates will be issued in place and stead thereof respectively.

July 22nd, 1896. A. WEIR GILKESON,
Secretary Fidelity Building Association.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.
OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.
One dollar per year, in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1896.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

For President,
WILLIAM MCKINLEY, of Ohio.
For Vice-President,
GARRET A. HOBART, of New Jersey.

For Presidential Electors-At-Large.

Joseph Wharton,	William Witherow,
Alex. E. Patton,	Peter L. Kimberly.

District Electors.

John S. Pearson,	H. C. Prevost,
Allen B. Rorke,	J. V. Brown,
Frank P. Henley,	F. N. Eaton,
W. M. Taggart,	G. B. Miller,
Leonard Myers,	R. H. Shindel,
J. H. Huddell,	George D. Swank,
W. F. Solly,	A. C. White,
John Fritz,	W. H. Randolph;
Henry L. Johnson,	E. Wertheimer,
John H. Landis,	Josiah Spear,
Everett Warren,	E. E. Abrams,
E. W. Wilde,	Isadore Sobel,
Harrison Bail,	William Sohnir,
D. W. Miller,	J. C. Campbell.

For Congress-at-large.
SAMUEL A. DAVENPORT, Erie.
GALUSHA A. GROW, Susquehanna.
For Congressman, Seventh District,
HON. IRVING P. WANGER, of Montgomery.

ALTGELD says he wants no place in Bryan's cabinet. He is not the sort of man to accept a cabinet office. He would want to be the whole government rolled into one.—Baltimore American.

THERE must be a demand for labor before money can get into full circulation, but there will be no demand for labor in the general industries so long as the possibility of going to a silver basis is a menace.—Indianapolis Journal.

BRYAN is one of those bog in friends of the laboring man with whom we have become familiar. He is perhaps the most perfect type of his class. He certainly "did up brown" the Chicago convention and the other Populist convention also. He is making some headway in the east among men who, because he talks like a house afire, think he says something; among men who always are eager listeners to rant about underpaid labor and greedy capitalists.

THE Chicago platform is without a redeeming feature to commend it to patriotic citizens of any political faith. There is not a single vital attribute of Democracy presented in it, with the single exception of the perfunctory paragraph on equality of tariff taxes. It is a proclamation of organized repudiation, agrarianism and anarchy, and it must summon every intelligent and patriotic citizen, regardless of political affiliations, to most heroic battle against the triumph of a madness that is as deadly in its aim as was the madness of secession in 1860, and without even the poor excuse that secession had for its suicide.

THE prevailing impression is that the number of debtors who have mortgaged their farms and homes is vastly in excess of the number of persons who are interested as creditors in maintaining the existing standard. According to the census of 1890 the total number of real estate mortgages in the United States was 4,777,-068, of which 2,803,061 were farm and acre land mortgages, and 2,474,637 town lot mortgages. It is safe to say that the number of farm mortgages at this date does not exceed 2,000,000, and that town lot mortgages will also fall below 2,000,-000, owing to the fact that few new loans have been negotiated within the past five years. Manifestly the mortgage debtor class is more than offset by the creditors to savings banks, and constitutes only one-third of the policy-holding creditors of life insurance companies, and one-half of the number of depositing creditors in banks other than savings banks, and only a fraction more than one-third of the bank note holders who are creditors to the banks of issue and the United States of America.

WESTERN CREDIT INJURED.

The Effect of the Silver Craze Keenly Felt.

Borrowers and would-be borrowers in the west are feeling keenly the effect of the free silver agitation. Financiers say that eastern capital is timid, and it is almost impossible to borrow money. None can be had unless the contracts stipulate for payment in gold, and even then it is difficult to effect a loan. The Jeffries estate of Boston was in negotiation with a view to placing a large loan on one of the largest office buildings in Chicago recently, but withdrew, and the owners of the property have been unable to raise the money. Western cities also are finding it difficult to float their bonds.

It is doubtful if western municipal bonds have had any sale at all during the past two weeks. This is especially true in the states which are regarded as likely to be carried by fusion. The investor fears not only that he will be paid in a depreciated currency, but also that when the Populists get into power they will pass laws which will damage the credit of their states. Investors seem to be afraid that the Populist towns will carry their ideas into practice in their own local communities and repudiate the debt after they have obtained the money.

The Democrats, who have seen many votes slip away from their party on this account, have been endeavoring to use it to their advantage by circulating the report that the banks were refusing loans only to those who favored free silver. Leading bankers say there is no truth in the story and that they make no discrimination.

Editors of country newspapers in the west are also complaining that they are already feeling the effects of the silver agitation. Many of their advertisers have failed to renew their yearly contracts, and some of those who are making contracts are insisting upon the insertion of a provision that, in the event of the adoption of a free-coinage policy by the government, the contracts shall be cancelled at the option of the advertiser.

WRIGHT STEPS DOWN.

Democratic State Chairman Cannot Support the Chicago Nominees.

A MIGHTY STRONG LETTER.

Opposition Means Fidelity to Democracy and to Country.

WILL NOT FOLLOW ANARCHY.

The Lehigh County Man Makes a Stinging Arraignment of the Bryan-Altgeld-Tillman Outfit and Declines to Follow the Banner of Repudiation Because He Believes That "American Civilization is Worth Preserving"—A Remarkable Document.

The resignation of Democratic State Chairman Robert E. Wright because he could not swallow the Bryan ticket and the Chicago platform has created a sensation throughout the state. At the request of many subscribers who have not had the opportunity of reading the letter, we herewith present it in full. After handing his resignation to Secretary Savage Mr. Wright says:

"In relinquishing the position I feel that it is due to the committee, from which I have always received the most cordial support, as well as just to myself, that I should freely declare to them the reasons impelling me to this conclusion.

"Intrusted at the Allentown convention with the work of preparing the outline of a platform for its consideration, I submitted a financial plank which received the unanimous approval of the delegates assembled, and which was truthfully declared in the platform itself to be 'expressive of the sentiments of the united Democracy of Pennsylvania.'

"To that declaration I cordially subscribed in April, and it accords with my convictions now. I believe it expresses the views of a large majority of the Democrats of Pennsylvania at this time.

"I cannot bring myself to believe that the hundreds of Democratic newspapers, and hundreds of thousands of Democratic voters in this state, who in June of this year proclaimed their adherence to the Allentown platform, were aught but sincere then, nor that they have abandoned their opinions since. It is apparent, on the contrary, that they have but subordinated their own convictions to the decree of the Chicago convention.

CANNOT SUBMIT.

"In this submission to that decree I for one cannot join. It was brought about by undemocratic influences and gives expression to doctrines not only subversive of all that Democracy has taught on the subject, but which I believe will bring dishonor upon the country, incalculable harm to its people, and disaster to our party.

"I am a Democrat because I believe in that code of governmental doctrines that for nearly a century has stood for Democracy in this country. Party organization and a submission to majorities in duly organized party tribunals are doubtless of great importance. Yet they are but instrumentalities to an end. They cease to be useful when correct principles are abandoned, and became absolutely dangerous when false doctrines and unrighteous purposes are proclaimed.

"I conceive that the most dangerous demonstration of the past month is to be found in the apparent ease with which a great political party has been suddenly turned from its well settled convictions to views diametrically their opposite, for no other reason than because an accidental and temporary majority in a party convention has so ordered.

"When it comes to pass that political parties are mere machines, swayed at will by leaders and conventions, instead of being aggregations of individual thinkers moved by some common and intelligent purpose for good, an evil time will have come to the republic.

"Tested by clearly defined and oft repeated declarations of Democratic doctrine the Chicago platform, in my judgment, is not a Democratic utterance. It is coldly received or openly opposed by hundreds of thousands of lifelong Democrats and by the great leaders in whom the party has trusted, while it is hailed with boisterous demonstrations of approval by political organizations with which Democracy has hitherto had no sympathy.

SOUND MONEY ABANDONED.

"Abandoning the sound money doctrine always upheld by our party, this platform proposes to flood the country with a debased silver currency and compel its circulation at double its intrinsic value. For the first time in the history of civilized countries it is intended that silver shall be freely coined into money without limit as to quantity and without reference to its intrinsic worth.

"No pledge is made for its redemption, no provision for maintaining it on a parity with gold. On the contrary, the means that have enabled the present administration to maintain the credit of the government and to keep the present issues of silver equal to gold, are now to be taken from it. Its protecting hands are to be tied, while the wage earners and thrifty citizens of the country are left to bear the losses that in my opinion would be inevitable. Not content with burdening the country with this terrible load of depreciated silver, it is proposed to add to it unlimited issues of greenbacks redeemable in this debased coin.

"The curse of an irredeemable paper money, that has wrought ruin in every country that has ever resorted to it, and against which the Democratic party has ever consistently fought, is to be visited upon us.

"The power to borrow money to meet its current obligations and maintain its credit, a power inherent in the smallest subdivision of local government, is to be taken from the general government, leaving its honor and credit the sport of irresponsible speculators upon national disaster.

"The best and safest system of banking and of paper money the world has ever seen is to be stricken down, to be replaced by the worst that the ingenuity of man has ever devised.

"In 1892 a national Democratic convention, at the dictation of the south and extreme west, declared in favor of the freest possible issue of banking currency, and in 1896, at the behest of the same sections it declares against all such issues.

IT INVITES ANARCHY.

"Then we declared that our gold and silver coin metals must be of equal intrinsic value, and that the parity of all issues must be maintained; now we denounce intrinsic equality and make purity of value impossible.

"The Chicago platform attacks the supreme court of the country, and makes a covert threat to reorganize it, so that its decisions may be reversed. No act in the history of the Republican party ever received severer condemnation from Democracy than did its prostitution of the supreme court in the same way during the administration of President Grant.

"It invites anarchy by denouncing President Cleveland for following the example of Jackson in enforcing federal laws by the armed power of government, when riot reigned in Chicago.

"With these declarations of principles and policy, and with the influences behind them, I have no sympathy.

"Much as I love Democracy and revere its history, I cannot follow those who have 'stolen its banners while trampling on its principles.'

"Opposition to this platform means fidelity to Democracy and to country, to liberty, to progress, to all that is worth preserving in American civilization."

CONGRATULATED WRIGHT.

William Penn Lloyd Writes the Ex-Chairman a Forceful Letter.

Ex-State Senator William Penn Lloyd, a prominent Democrat of Cumberland county, has written a letter to Chairman Robert E Wright, of the Democratic state committee, in which he compliments the latter upon his letter of resignation.

M Lloyd's letter concludes as follows: "The crude and vicious principles incorporated in the Chicago platform have thrust a crisis upon us fraught with dangers to the nation scarcely less threatening and with consequences fully as disastrous as that we were called to meet in 1860. I have always been a Democrat, and can be nothing else without repudiating the honest convictions of my duty as a citizen. When called upon for a decision in 1860 I found that Jefferson's platform imposed as a supreme duty 'the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad.'

"Referring again to that platform, I find also 'The honest payment of our debt and the sacred preservation of the public faith' among the principles which he declares 'form the bright constellation' of our Democratic creed; and I take my stand there again today, sincerely believing that, as a Democrat, I have no other choice. I gladly join with you in expressing my rights, as a Democrat, to repudiate the Chicago platform and its nominations, and yet claim that I am still a better Democrat for all that."

The Poor Man's Dollar.

A great deal is heard nowadays about the present gold standard dollar being the "rich man's dollar." Let us see what, according to market reports, the record of that dollar has been with respect to the "poor man."

In 1873, the year silver was "struck down," a dollar would purchase a trifle more than a pound of tea; today it will buy four times as much.

In 1873 a dollar would purchase a little over eight pounds of refined sugar; today it will buy about eighteen pounds.

In 1873 a dollar would purchase only five yards of shirting; today it will buy about ten yards.

In 1873 a dollar would purchase about fourteen yards of print cloth; today it will buy over thirty yards.

In 1873 a dollar would purchase only a gallon and a half of molasses; today it will buy over three gallons.

In 1873 a dollar would purchase about three-quarters of a yard of two-ply ingrain carpeting, today it will buy two yards.

In 1873 a dollar would purchase only about twenty pounds of cut nails; today it will buy fifty pounds. Comparisons to the same effect might be made ad infinitum.

Yet free silver demagogues have the assurance to tell the "poor man" that the present dollar is solely in the interest of the "rich man," and that what the "poor man" needs is a dollar that will double his cost of living.

Fortunately the average "poor man" is not poor in common sense.

Don't Grow Careless.

The Republicans of Pennsylvania should not grow careless and indifferent in the present campaign simply because our state will give the Republican ticket a tremendous majority. There are issues at stake which vitally affect us. The Democrats have indorsed a platform which means, if it means anything, flat repudiation. The sturdy citizens of the grand old commonwealth of Pennsylvania should stamp their seal of disapproval on such a proposition We are not ready to repudiate our debts simply to please a few rattle-brained theorists. Another thing which should be borne in mind by Pennsylvania Republicans. The representatives of the party in the national convention have pledged themselves in favor of a protective tariff which will cause the revival of the industries which have languished ever since the Democrats assumed control of the affairs of government. Republicans of Pennsylvania must arouse and organize in every district to defeat the party which has sold its birthright for a mess of pottage, and has thereby driven from its ranks all the self respecting men who are opposed to repudiation and anarchy.—Hollidaysburg Register.

Given and Taken Away.

A tiny bridesmaid at a wedding the other day surveyed the departing bride and groom with a gloomy brow. "Oh, dear," she pouted. "Sister was going to get married today and have lots of fun. And now that man's taken her away."—New York Times.

Starting a Drug Store.

The pride of proprietorship beamed from his countenance as he stood on the street and gazed at the big sign which announced to the world the advent of a new drug store.

"It's the finest location for the business in this part of the town," he exclaimed to the junior partner, "and if we work things at all right we ought to make money. I see you have the soda fountain in."

"Yes. I attended to that the first thing."

"Did you buy the biggest one you could get for the money?"

"Yes. It's one of the most finely equipped to be found in the market."

"And the cigars. We have a variety of them, have we?"

"Every brand of any consequence can be purchased at our stand. We have one of the largest assortments in the city."

"I'll look it over. You mustn't feel hurt if I give it my personal attention, but we don't want to neglect any detail that may affect the success of this enterprise, and two heads are better than one. We have a supply of fancy toilet articles, have we not?"

"Plenty of them. All the latest styles too."

"And we have some confectionery?"

"A good line of it."

"And all sorts of little knicknacks to catch the fancy of the women and make the place look pretty?"

"I am looking after that now."

"Good. As soon as you get it attended to put an advertisement in the newspaper, and then, when you have time, get in a few little things in the way of drugs and we'll be ready for business."—Detroit Free Press.

Tying Hot Applications.

Have you ever tried to wring out hot cloths—boiling hot cloths—for a neuralgic or other sort of patient? If you have and have had your hands burned in the process, you will be glad to know that if you plunge them first into cold water—ice cold if possible—they can stand an incredible amount of heat. Even boiling vinegar, the hottest of liquids, may be approached with calm nerves under such conditions.

A SOLDIER'S SENTIMENT.

He Asks Silver Men to Spare the Old Flag.

DISHONOR, REPUDIATION.

This is a Dose the Veteran Cannot Force Himself to Swallow.

THAT EMPTY TROUSERS LEG.

When He Came Hobbling Home at the End of Three Years He Was Proud That He Had Helped to Preserve the Honor of the Nation—Not Willing to Turn in Now and Besmirch the Stars and Stripes.

I heard an interesting conversation last night, the subject of which was the silver question. A company of workingmen were seated in a little restaurant attached to the establishment with which they are connected. One of the number led up to the conversation by delivering a free silver harangue, which, in its substance, was just like one of Candidate Bryan's speeches.

He began by exhibiting a wretched cartoon which he had cut out of a newspaper. The cartoon showed something that was meant to look like a wooden bowl. On the side of this object appeared the words "National prosperity." Standing over this bowl was a rude picture of a big dog with the face of a man. This dog was labeled "The people." The other side of the bowl was a small dog with his tail between his legs, cowed and miserable. The small dog was labeled "Hanna." Underneath the cut was the line, "The Big Fellow—Here, you! Curs of your kind have stolen my food long enough. Now, git!"

"That tells the story," said the silver man. "That little picture shows the issue in this campaign. There ain't no use trying to get 'round it—the fight this year is between the people and a few curs that have been stealing the fruits of our labor. The workingman makes the wealth of the country. Why shouldn't he get a share of the wealth he produces? Here I work six days in a week and get my $28. Down there, in Wall street, three or four men get together and make a corner in gold and make pretty near as many millions just out of one little transaction with the government. Anything right about that? I guess not.

"Who pays these millions? Where do these Wall street fellows get their profits? Labor pays the bill. There ain't anything produced in this world except what labor produces. If a few men make $15,000,000 or $16,000,000 out of a bond deal, you and I and all the rest of the laboring men have to pay our shares.

"Talk about repudiation don't scare me. That's just what I want. I want to turn the tables on these fellows—get even with them. They soaked us $16,000,000 on one bond deal because Grover Cleveland stood in with them and borrowed a lot of money when the government didn't need it. Now I want to go to these fellows and say: 'It's a pretty long road that hasn't got any turn in it. We've come to the turn in this road. The people's going to have something to say now. If you want silver for those bonds, take it. We've got through paying gold.'

"I tell you what I think. I think this country is big enough to take care of itself. I don't believe in having England run this country. We don't have to have England's gold, American silver is good enough for us. If they don't want to trade with us we can get along without 'em. We can get along without borrowing their gold or buying their stuff. I guess we can get along without them better than they can get along without us. We don't have to have their silks and broadcloths, but they've got to have our wheat and cattle. Thank God, I've got patriotism enough to stand up for my own country. You follows that want to knuckle down to England can do it, but I'm an American. What we want in this campaign is a little more patriotism."

The silverite was going on to say more, but a little man down at the end of the table stopped him.

"This is a sort of free parliament, isn't it, Jim?" he asked.

"I suppose so," the silverite replied.

"All right, then. If it's free for all, I've got a word to say on this silver question. If I'm not mistaken, you are about my age. Now I want to ask you a question. You are advertising yourself as a great patriot. Where were you in the last war? What regiment were you in?"

The silverite acknowledged that he was one of the stay-at-homes.

"That's funny!" the other man remarked. "I don't suppose I'm half so good a patriot as you, but I was there. That's why I wear this squeaking old wooden leg nowadays. I don't know that I ever told it before in this shop, that I was an old soldier, but you rolled me up a little, Jim, with your talk about your patriotism. Funny, isn't it, that you patriotic gentlemen left us common plugs to do the fighting?

"We fought for the old flag, Jim. We fought to preserve the Union. I guess it was a mistake. We'd have saved money and a good many lives if we'd let the old thing go to smash. When I hear patriots like you talking, I say to myself: 'Jenkins, old boy, I wish you had that old leg of yours back. You just threw it away.'

"Good God, man!" exclaimed the old soldier, his feelings getting a little the better of him. "Do you suppose I want to live under a flag that has dishonor and repudiation written all over it? Was it worth my while to make a wreck of my life to give patriots like you a chance to besmear that old flag? Have I got to pass the balance of my days in a country despised by all the decent people of the world? If I have, what a fool I made of myself when I shouldered my musket and went to the front, not for thirty days, Jim, not for ninety days, but for the whole period of the war.

"When I came hobbling home at the end of three years with an empty trousers leg, I didn't mind that a bit, and ever since then I've been proud to think I did my part when the nation was threatened with disunion. They offered me a pension. 'No, thank you!' I said. 'I feel good enough without a pension.' Why did I feel good? Because there was glory written all over the Stars and Stripes, and I'd had a share in writing it there. And now you patriots propose to blot out that word glory and put repudiation in its place. I don't believe you can do it. You won't get much help from the old soldiers, I can tell you that.

"And now, a word about the merits of the case. To start with, I'll bet you $10 you haven't a nickel in a savings bank, another $10 you've not a dollar of life insurance, another $10 that you're living in a miserable flat somewhere, instead of trying to get a home of your own.

"That's what I thought, Jim," the old soldier went on, when the silverite had acknowledged that he had nothing in the world except his clothes and his household furniture. "Now, Jim, I didn't mean to twit you with your lack of thrift. I beg your pardon, old fellow, but I was a little heated, you know, by your talk about patriotism. All I mean to show is that it is the fellow who has nothing who is talking as you talk. There are men in this shop who get less than you who have saved money, have money in savings banks and in little homes of their own. They are not for free silver. They are part owners in those bonds you propose to repudiate. Every savings bank depositor is a part owner in the bank's assets. If you want to club the millionaire, don't club him over the backs of your own shopmates. Don't cut our wages in two, scale down our savings and rob our wives and little ones by destroying half the provision we have made for them in the shape of life insurance.

"And, say, Jim, spare the old flag. It is known and honored now throughout the whole world. Don't make it an object of scorn by writing repudiation all over it."—Wage Earner, in New York Times.

THE FARM MORTGAGE.

Showing Why It Should Be Paid in Good Dollars.

The following letter is one of many that are daily received by the Times-Herald. It is supposed to contain the strongest free silver argument that can be addressed to the farmer, and it is used by the free silver orators with immense assurance of its success:

LINCOLN, Neb., Aug 3.—To the Editor: My land is encumbered by a mortgage of $1,000, payable in lawful money Nov. 1, 1897. I must pay this debt with the products of my farm. Under ordinary circumstances I will be able to raise 1,000 bushels of wheat next year. If there is no change in our financial system this wheat, at fifty cents per bushel, will pay half the debt. When the value of a silver dollar is reduced to 50 cents by free coinage a bushel of wheat, without any change in its value, will be worth a 50 cent dollar. With free coinage of silver I shall, therefore, be able to pay the entire debt with the 1,000 bushels of wheat. The burden of paying a debt of $1,000 has doubled since I borrowed the money. I have obeyed the laws of my country under the gold standard, and shall obey them under a silver standard. The opponents of free coinage of silver are appealing to the laborers, the creditors and policy holders to protect their own personal interests. If I should fail to look out for my own interests who will do so for me? Is there any reason why I should not vote for the free and unlimited coinage of silver? Very respectfully,

J. W. BINGER.

The answer is not far to seek.

When this farmer borrowed the money it was the equivalent of $1,000 in gold. It was the same as if he had received it all in gold twenty dollar pieces. He could have it in that way if he so desired. Perhaps he did, for many such loans have been made. When he expended it he got $1,000 in gold equivalent. He probably improved his farm to that extent or bought stock or machinery. In whatever way he used it, unless he burned it up or squandered it, he got value received. The borrowing and lending was a business transaction and the borrower used the money to promote his business interests. At no time since that mortgage was executed, for few mortgages run over five years without renewal, would a thousand bushels of wheat have paid it.

When Mr. Binger in the above letter says, "The burden of paying a debt of $1,000 has doubled since I borrowed the money," he must remember, if he is stating what is true, that the "burden" is not alone upon him, but upon every other business man who has borrowed money. Merchants and manufacturers feel the same stress of the hard times as the farmers do. It is not because they borrowed gold and have to repay gold that the burden is greater, but that their earnings and assets have not turned out as they hoped and expected. Competition and overproduction have affected the whole world, but repudiation is not the proper cure for it.

Honesty is the best policy—as a policy merely, without reference to its moral quality—for nations as well as for individuals. A man who has repudiated his debts is never trusted again and is regarded with contempt by all his neighbors. And so is a nation. A free coinage law is repudiation, and that it is understood in that sense is indicated by such letters as the above.—Chicago Times-Herald.

People Won't Have It.

One of our best Indiana county farmers remarked the other day that three years ago, under the McKinley tariff bill, he sold his wool at the rate of $2 23 for each sheep. Under the Democratic free trade arrangement this year he only got 75 cents a head. That's the sort of "a change" the Democrats gave us four years ago. They now want us to try another experiment in the shape of free coinage. But the people won't have it.—Indiana Messenger.

Awful.

"Rivers, was that filled cheese we had at the free lunch counter a little while ago?"

"I think it was."

"It was abominable stuff. Why don't they runnet out of the country?"

"I suppose they will, Brooks, as soon as they can make out a case against it."

And in the silence that followed nothing was heard except the monotonous sound of burglars breaking into the various houses in the neighborhood and carrying away rich booty.—Chicago Tribune.

Bristol Cash Store.

Radcliffe Street, Opposite the Bank.

Olives	Extract Beef
Olive Oil	Farina
Macarroni	Hominy
Beef Extracts	Cottalene
Chow	Cakes
Root Beer	Bread
American Clubhouse and Domestic Cheese	Salmon
	Fruits and Vegetables
Cleaned Currants	Pure Cider Vinegar
Coffee	The Best Flour
Tea	Syrup
Potted and Dried Meats	Lard
Clam Bullion	Butter and Eggs
	Quality the Best, Prices the Lowest.

THOMPSON'S

Radcliffe Street. Opposite the Bank.

WANAMAKER'S.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Aug. 17, 1896.

MERIT, NOT MAGIC

Think of it! Furniture sales are almost doubling the new record of a year ago! Merit, not magic. A year ago we gathered vast quantities of Furniture at prices newly small—that is, we sold dependable Furniture cheaper than it ever had been sold. Conditions allowed the position taken then. The outlook was gloomy, but makers kept at work.

Today we're selling Furniture a fourth cheaper than then.

But makers have taken their stand. Many factories are closed. They'll do no work until they can do it profitably. That's the story in a nutshell. We've $400,000 worth of good to elegant Furniture at prices never nearly reached for lowness. There seems no human possibility for prices again to touch so low. There seems every possibility of the principal factors being able to hold down production to a point that shall lead to profitable work. A good many prognostications have failed in the years agone. This one will scarcely fail. The Furniture is its own mutely eloquent argument for your quick buying. Lots cannot be duplicated; lots are daily lessening. We'll pass all August Furniture records by thousands of dollars simply because it is very profitable to you to act quickly.

HANDKERCHIEF BARGAINS

Eighteen thousand pure linen Handkerchiefs—and but one item in the list was ever offered at so low a price before! Handkerchief leadership is ours! Special values in pure linen Handkerchiefs most naturally come here. Our experts go to Ireland, France and Switzerland for them. Share the Handkerchief triumphs of this '96 summer. And bear in mind, every Handkerchief in our stocks is of pure linen, or silk.



FOR MEN—

10c each—White hemstitched Handkerchiefs, unlaundered. Worth half as much again

15c each—White hemstitched Handkerchiefs—several widths of hem.

20c each—Extra large white hemstitched Handkerchiefs. A 35c sort.

25c each—Extra large white hemstitched Handkerchiefs—worth just about double.

31c each—Extra large fine hemstitched Handkerchiefs. We've sold them regularly at 50c, and they were cheap at that.

FOR WOMEN—

60c a dozen—White hemstitched Handkerchiefs, pure linen, fair quality.

$1 a dozen—White hemstitched Handkerchiefs, three widths of hem, intrinsically worth $2.16 a dozen.

10c each—Laundered hemstitched Handkerchiefs, hand-embroidered corners, six styles, fully worth 15c.

15c each—Sheer white hemstitched Handkerchiefs—as good as you have found at a quarter.

18c each—Quite dainty scalloped-edge Handkerchiefs with colored edges. They have been our 25c sort.

18c each—Unlaundered Handkerchiefs, hand-embroidered corners, scalloped edges, very soft finish.

31c each—Unlaundered Scalloped Handkerchiefs—hand-embroidered all around. Regular 50c sort.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Not one part but *every* part of HIRES Rootbeer tends toward making it the perfect temperance and healthgiving drink.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 5c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

German-American Investment Co.

Founded 1892.

52 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

(Under supervision of Banking Department of the State of New York.)

Authorized Capital, - - - $1,000,000
Paid up Capital, - - - - $200,000

Letters of Credit, Checks and Drafts on Foreign Countries at cheapest rates.

SPECIALTY — Cable transfers and all other money transactions with Germany and Austria-Hungary.

Foreign money, bank notes, bonds, bought and sold.

Bankers wanted as agents in various towns.

BRISTOL BOROUGH SCHOOL TAX NOTICE!

Tax-payers who wish to secure the benefit of the five per cent. deduction, must pay their school tax to the District Treasurer at his office, on Dorrance street, on or before the 31st day of eighth month, (August) 1896.

EDWARD H. FOSTER, Treasurer.

LAST NOTICE.

Borough Tax.

All borough taxes remaining unpaid after the 31st day of August will be placed in the hands of a collector, with five per cent added and costs of collection. Taxes will be received by the treasurer to August 31st, inclusive, at his office, corner of Radcliffe and Market streets.

J. MES WRIGHT,
Borough Treasurer.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of DANIEL THOMPSON, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement to

Or DANIEL J. THOMPSON,
Administrator d.b.n. c.t.a.

GILKESON & WRIGHT,
Attorneys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of HANNAH DEVER, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks Co., Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them in proper order for settlement, without delay, to

Or, C. J. PATTON,
GILKESON & WRIGHT, Administrator.
Attorneys.

ESTATE NOTICE

Estate of MARY HAGERMAN, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to

CASPER HAGERMAN,
Or Administrator.
J. C. STRECKER, Attorney. 40-6t

WILLIAM TERNESON,

Manufacturer & dealer in

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine *Boots, Shoes & Gaiters,*

Cor. Mill and Pond Sts., BRISTOL, PA.

A first-class calf-skin Gaiter, my own make, $2. Also a full line of John Mundell's Solar Tipped Children's Shoes.

TROLLEY BONDS.

The undersigned will receive subscriptions for a limited amount of bonds of the NEWTOWN, LANGHORNE & BRISTOL TROLLEY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

This road is now in successful operation from Langhorne Borough to the Reading Railroad Station at Langhorne and since the middle of April has carried an average of ten thousand passengers per month.

The bonds now issued are for the purpose of extending the road to Bristol. Two-thirds of the necessary amount are already taken. The bonds are sold at par and bear six per cent interest. For futher particulars apply to

A. WEIR GILKESON,
Bristol, Pa.

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DENTIST,

202 Mill Street, Bristol,

(Over Pursell's Drug Store.)

The Marseilles Cottage,

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Atlantic City, N. J.
MISS E. K. LEEDOM.

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BREAD AND FANCY CAKE BAKERY

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HINDERCORNS The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Makes walking easy. 15c. at Druggists.



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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

If you are **CONSUMPTIVE** or have indigestion, Pain in the Stomach, Debility of any kind use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. Many who were hopeless and discouraged have regained health by its use.

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QUAKER CHILL CAKE a positive cure for Chills and Fever, Ague and Malaria. Price, $1.00

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QUAKER DYSPEPSIA TABLETS a certain and unequalled cure for Indigestion and Dyspepsia. Price, 50c.

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Our preparations cure others and we guarantee them to cure you. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Write for circulars and particulars.

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Manufacturer of the Celebrated Birch Carriages and Harnesses.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

In effect June 26, 1896.

NEW YORK AND EAST—Arrives at 7.15, 9.30, 10.40 A. M., 2.15, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.15, 11.30 A. M., 3.30, 7.00 P. M. SUNDAYS—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. Closes at 9.00 A. M.

PHILADELPHIA AND WEST—Arrives at 7.15, 7.46, 9. A. M., 12.30, 4.30, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 5.45 8.45, 10.00 A. M., 1.30, 2.40, 6.02 P. M. SUNDAYS—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. Closes at 9.00 A. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 5.10 A M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c—Arrives at 9.10 A. M. Closes at 11.45 A. M.

NEWTOWN Stage arrives 11.30 A. M., leaves 1 00 P. M.

Woodburne stage arrives at 11 a, m. departs at 12.30 p. m.

Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 9.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

J. M. WINDER, P. M.

Location of

BOXES AND KEYS.

BRISTOL FIRE-ALARM TELEGRAPH.

24. Box at T. L. Loedom & Co.'s Carpet Mill Key at Thos. L. Loedom & Co.'s office.
25. Box at Dorrance and Cutnut Streets. Keys at Wilson & Fennmore Co.'s Paper Mill office, T. B. Harkins Foundry Co.'s office, Sherman & Peirce's office.
26. Box at Edward T. Steel & Co.'s Mill. Keys at E. T. Steel & Co.'s office, Rolling Mill office, Elect ric Light Station, Fourth ward Hose House.
27. Box at Wm. H Grundy & Co.'s Mill. Keys at Wm. H. Grundy & Co.'s office, Rolling Mill office.
34. Box at Doron's office, Radcliffe and Market Streets. Keys at Wm. E. Doron's office, James Wright's store, Police Station, Silbert's Hotel.
36. Box at Dorrance and Cedar Streets. Keys at Comfort's Livery Stable, L. J. Bevan's residence, Douglass' Drug Store.
43. Box at Young's Drug Store, Bath Street. Keys at Young's Drug Store, E. C. Bruden's residence, Wilson Randall's residence, S. W. Hayes' store.
45. Box at Buckley Street, east of Pine Street. Keys at Appleton's Mill office, Lewis Jones' Mill office, James Blanchet's Saloon.
47. Box at Otter and Linden Streets. Keys at Gas House, Third ward Hose House, C. H. Lyndall's residence, Chas. Yeaman's coal office.
567. Box at America Hose Company House. Keys at America Hose House, Ticket office P. R. R., Joseph Wright's store, M. L. Hellyer's store.

☞ All Policemen and Night Watchmen carry Keys.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

BRISTOL LODGE, No. 25, FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.
Instituted 1760.

Meets Saturday on or before full moon at Masonic Building, Cedar street.
William S. Wright, W. M., Bristol,
Harry C. Evans, Secretary, Bristol.

HERMIONE LODGE, No. 109, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
Instituted 1868.

Meets every Friday night in Pythian Hall
Pemberton Minster, Chancellor Commander,
Walter F Hall, K. of R. and S.

HERMIONE DIVISION, No. 10, 3D REG. OF PENNA., UNIFORM RANK KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
Instituted 1895.

Meets Tuesday night at Pythian hall
William V. Leech, Captain Commanding,
V. V. Vansant Sir Knight Recorder.

HOPKINS LODGE, No. 87, INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.
Instituted 1843.

Meets every Wednesday night i . O. O. F. Building.
William Carson, Noble Grand,
Harvey S. Rue, Secretary.

MARTHA WASHINGTON CHAMBER, No. 2, KNIGHTS OF FRIENDSHIP.
Instituted 1885.

Meets every Thursday night in Washington Hall.
William Haley, Sir Knight Marshal,
George Wright, Cor. Secretary.

JULIA P. SHADE CHAMBER, No. 5, COMPANIONS OF FRIENDSHIP.
Instituted 1890.

Meets every Wednesday night in Washington Hall.
Mrs. Annie Appleton, W. C. C.,
Miss Dora Weygand, Rec. Secretary.

H. CLAY BEATTY POST, No. 73, G. A. R.
Instituted 1877.

Meets 1st and 3rd Monday night of the month n Washington Hall.
Thomas B. Harkins, Commander,
Wm. A. Barnhill, Adjutant.

H. CLAY BEATTY CIRCLE, No. 2, LADIES OF THE G. A. R.
Instituted 1883.

Meets every Thursday night in Washington Hall.
Mrs. Sarah Pearson, President,
Mrs. Hattie Vandegrift, Recording Secretary.

FIDELITY COUNCIL, No. 21, Jr. ORDER UNITED AMERICAN MECHANICS.
Instituted 1892.

Meets every Thursday night at Mohican Hall.
George Callanan, Councillor,
Horace G. Young, Rec. Secretary.

NONPAREIL COUNCIL, ROYAL ARCANUM
Instituted 1887.

Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesday night of the month n Washington Hall.
A. K. Joyce, Regent,
Wm. E. Doron, Secretary.

BRISTOL CASTLE, No. 409, KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.
Instituted 1895.

Meets every Tuesday night in Pythian Hall
George Buckley, Noble Chief,
John K. Young, Master of Records.

MOHICAN TRIBE, NO. 127, IMPROVED ORDER OF RED MEN.
Instituted 1870.

Meets every Monday night in Mohican Hall
William E. McMullin, Sachem,
Harry Daniels, Secretary.

NESHAMINY COUNCIL, No. 21, DEGREE OF POCOHONTAS.
Instituted ——.

Meets every Saturday night at Mohican Hall.
Mrs. Mary E. Shores Pocahontas,
Mrs. Fannie Daniels, Keeper of Records.

LIGHT OF LIBERTY LODGE, No. 135, AMERICAN PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.
Instituted 1884.

Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesday night of the month in Mohican Hall.
James A. Jefferson, Worthy Master,
George W. Fisher, Rec. Secretary.

KEY OF LIBERTY LODGE, Jr. ORDER AMERICAN PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION, No. 1.
Instituted 1892.

Meets 1st Saturday night of the month in Mohican Hall.
Josephine Rolls, W. M.,
Joseph Fisher, R. S.

GOLDEN KEY COURT, No. 3, AMERICAN PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.
Instituted ——.

Meets 3rd Wednesday night of the month in Mohican Hall.
Mrs. Jemima Spencer, Worthy Mistress,
Mrs. Mary E. Young, Rec. Secretary.

COURT ONWARD, No. 89, FORESTERS OF AMERICA.
Instituted 1893.

Meets every Tuesday night in Washington Hall.
James Lister, Chief Ranger.
R. B. Kelly, Financial Secretary.

BRISTOL DIVISION, No. 1, ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.
Instituted 1883.

Meets 1st Thursday night of the month in A. O. H. Hall, Corson street.
Patrick F. Fallon, President,
Thomas Clare, Secretary.

BRISTOL DIVISION, No. 107, SONS OF TEMPERANCE.
Instituted 1882.

Meets every Friday night in Washington Hall.
Jennie McKey, Worthy Patriarch,
George J. Sheppard, Recording Scribe.

BRISTOL CASTLE, No. 103, ANCIENT ORDER KNIGHTS OF THE MYSTIC CHAIN.
Instituted 1883.

Meets every Monday night in Washington Hall
Andrew Robinson, Commander,
J. C. Adams, Rec. Secretary.

GEO. J. SHEPPARD, COMPANY G., 2ND REGIMENT, ANCIENT ORDER KNIGHTS OF THE MYSTIC CHAIN.
Instituted 1890.

C. Adams, Captain,
Wm. B. Holt, Orderly Sergeant.

BRISTOL TEMPLE, No. 60, LADIES OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.
Instituted 1895.

Meet in Washington Hall every second and fourth Monday night.
Mrs. Ella A. Mackie Noble Templar,
Mrs. Hattie Vandegrift, Guardian of Records

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

In effect June 21, 1896.

Leave Bristol for Phila. (Broad St.), *2.46, 5.37, 6 32, 6.51, 7.21, 7.41, *8.14, 8.24, *9.19, 9.51, *10.29 A. M. 12.02, 12.49, *1.14, *2.51 *3.03, 3.10, 4.02, 4.55, 5.36, 5.43, 6 30, *6.46, *7.32, *7.44, 8.30, 9.27, *11.03 P. M.

Sunday trains, *2 46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *10.29 A. M. *12.04, 12.54, 5.02, 5.36, *7.21, 8.00, *8.20, 8.50, 9.28, *11.08 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St.), for Bristol, 12.01, *3.20, 6.09, 6.28, *6.50, 7 34, *8 25, 8.33, *9.00, 9.53, *11.14 A. M. 12.01, 1.04, 1.50, 2 43, 3 32, *3.52, 4.29, *5.00, 5.02, 5.19, *6.00, 6.02, 6.21, 7.27, 9.17, *10.00, 11.17 P. M.

Sunday trains, 12.01, 7.40, *8.25, *8.32, 9.06, 11.47 A M. 2.02, *5.20, 6.00, *6.26, *6 35, 7.27, *8 12, *10.00, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

For further particulars apply to the ticket agent at the station.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

THE INTERSTATE STEAMBOAT CO.



Steamer Pokanoket,
FOR PHILADELPHIA.

Leaves Bristol daily, Sundays excepted, at 8.45 a. m. Leave Pier 8, above Arch St. Phila., 4 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays, leave Bristol 8 45 a.m. 3.45 p. m., leave Philadelphia 11 a.m., 6 p. m.

Liberal rates for large or small parties to Philadelphia or Lincoln Park.

Steamer Florence

Leaves Bristol for Philadelphia at 8.30 a. m. Leaves Philadelphia for Bristol at 3.00 p. m. Sundays, leave Bristol at 8.30 a.m. and 4 p.m. Leave Phila. at 10.30 a. m. and 6 p. m.

Boats land in Philadelphia at Pier 8. North wharves, above Arch Street.

UPPER DELAWARE RIVER TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

In effect August 3, 1896.

Steamers Columbia, John A. Warner, Twilight and Trenton.

Leave Bristol for Philadelphia, 7, and 10 a.m., 4 and 6 p. m.

Leave Bristol for Trenton 9 55 a. m. and 5.05 p.m

Leave Philadelphia for Bristol, 7.30, a. m., 2, 4 00 and and 6 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Bristol for Philadelphia 8 and 10 a. m., 1.30, 4 and 5 15 p. m.

Leave Philadelphia for Bristol 8 and 11.30 a. m., 2, 3.30 and 6 p. m.

Leave Bristol for Trenton 10 a. m. 1.20 and 5 20 p. m.

Leave Trenton for Bristol 8.45 a. m., 12.15 and 2.45 p. m.

EXCURSION TO HAMPTON COURT 25c

Commencing Monday, August 3, Steamer Twilight will make daily trips between Philadelphia and Trenton, stopping at Bristol. For time of leaving see Philadelphia and Trenton daily papers.

LABOR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

It Is Dear Because White Men Demand Black Helpers For All Work.

The English carpenter has a "boy" to carry his tools for him; the English bricklayer has a native hodman to hand the bricks to him, which he proceeds to set. Work requiring skill is very often done by whites, because they do it much better, but white labor leans on and uses black labor. So on the railways the station masters and guards are white, but the heavy jobs which need little skill fall to the blacks; so fieldhands and those who actually herd cattle are natives, though there are usually whites over them in a position of authority.

In all new countries skilled labor is dear, but in South Africa it is exceptionally dear, because the skilled white man insists on having blacks beneath him, and black labor, though it is cheap if measured by the price paid for it, is really dear if measured by what it accomplishes, for it is unskilled and uncertain, the native, except in a few of the older parts of the country, not yet having acquired that habit of steady and patient industry which makes labor effective. It is, of course, in the newest districts, where the natives are still raw and scarcely removed from a savage state, that this uncertainty is most felt.

In the goldfields of the Transvaal and Mashonaland the supply of native workpeople often falls short, although at Johannesburg a native can earn £8 a month besides his food and such lodging as he needs. The development of the mines is, of course, to some extent retarded by this difficulty of obtaining a permanent supply of labor.—James Bryce, M. P., in Century.

How to Live to Great Age.

The latest fad in England is to insure longevity through the use of a special diet. The promise is held out to those who implicitly follow out the prescribed regimen that they may attain to the age of 110 years. This, among the most melancholy people of the globe, and to whom one would fancy that life were the less worth living, has aroused considerable enthusiasm. Cooks and kitchens are to be abolished; meat, bread and vegetables are forbidden. Existence is to be maintained exclusively upon nuts and bananas. If we compare this with the dietary system of Dickens, which represents that of his period, his comparatively early decease will excite no surprise. According to English standards, he was an accomplished gastronome. Beefsteak pudding was his ideal—a horrible concoction, only fit for a crude or debased palate. His highest conception of a dinner was a baked leg of mutton, with the bone removed and the cavity filled with a stuffing of oysters and veal. This was accompanied with gin punch, in the making of which Dickens took especial pride. It was made as follows: A brass kettle of water was heated over a spirit lamp. When the water came to a boil, it was poured into a jug, with a bottle of old gin, lumps of sugar and chips of lemon peel. The mouth of the jug was then closed with a napkin and the mixture allowed to brew for a certain number of minutes.—Exchange.

A French journal reports the case of a man who entered a coffee house and sat down near a customer who was reading the morning newspaper which belonged to the establishment.

"After you with the paper, if you please," said the newcomer.

The other man nodded assent and went on reading, but at the end of half an hour had hardly finished the first column. Just as the waiting customer was about making a second and perhaps impatient application, he noticed that the reader had lost one of his organs of sight. His resentment vanished.

"Ah," said he in a low voice, "I am not surprised. The poor man has only one eye and has to read everything twice over."

A stomachful of undigested food is about as unhealthy a mass as one can well imagine. What can be done with it?

There it stays. It won't digest. It churns up, ferments and decays; becomes poisonous (as all putrid matter does) and causes great pain and deep-seated disorders.

In order to change all this, take Shaker Digestive Cordial.

It stops fermentation and decay at once, so that no more poisons are created.

It clears the stomach of poisons already there. It helps it to turn the food that remains, into healthful nourishment. It strengthens the stomach for the next meal.

Here is the whole philosophy and cure of indigestion in a few words. And what's more, it's all true. Try it.

Shaker Digestive Cordial is for sale by druggists, price 10 cents to $1.00 a bottle.

A Word or Two

to those suffering from catarrh or the thousands subject to severe attacks of cold in the head, will not be amiss if a sure remedy can be offered. Ely's Cream Balm has become a favorite in all sections of the United States, because of its effectiveness. Your cold in the head will be quickly relieved by it, and the severest attack of catarrh will yield to, and be perfectly cured by a thorough treatment. Catarrh is not a blood disease, but an inflammation of the passages of the nose and throat, due to climatic changes.

A BLOW TO FARMERS.

Bryan's Election Would Surely Be Followed by a Panic.

PRICES OF FARM PRODUCTS.

Demand for Crops in the Home Markets Would Fall Off.

FORECLOSING ON MORTGAGES.

That Would Be One of the Natural Results of a Free Silver Victory—Could the Farmers Fairly Blame the Lenders for Desiring to Recover Their Loaned Money in One Hundred Cent Dollars Before Impending Legislation Would Change the Order of Things?

It is assumed by the supporters of Bryan and his policy in the agricultural states where his followers abound that the farmers, and especially those who have mortgaged their property, would surely be benefited if Bryan should be elected and the 53 cent dollar substituted for the 100 cent dollar. The purpose of the silverites, it is admitted, is to compel all depositors in savings banks, all holders of life insurance policies, all pensioners, and all others who have invested savings by loaning them directly or indirectly to suffer a loss of about half of every dollar which they own upon the plea that these dollars have a value twice as great as they ought to have. It is assumed, however, that the farmer will not lose, but will gain.

The farmers who follow Bryan have been deceived. While it is probable that those who would suffer the most severely are the workingmen, the farmers would stand very near them on any scale that should measure the misery of the people.

Undoubtedly the election of Bryan would be followed by a panic. This is admitted by the silverites themselves. There would be a destruction of confidence and a paralysis of credit. Would not this affect the farmer? Can the farmers isolate themselves and escape the effect of depression that is and must be felt by all other classes, speculators possibly excepted? Even if Bryan should be elected, at least eight months would elapse before the silver standard could be adopted by legislation. The panic which would follow his election would depress the prices of farm products; the paralysis of credit would deprive the grain grower of the sustaining power which "carries" his crops after they have been harvested and facilitates an advantageous distribution of them throughout the year. The demand for these crops in the home market would fall off, owing to the condition of the workingmen.

What would be the experience of those farmers who have borrowed money and given mortgages on their holdings, many of whom hope to be enabled to pay off those mortgages at 53 cents on the dollar, perhaps overlooking the fact that they are conspiring to rob the widow and the orphan? According to the government reports, the average life of a mortgage in this country on farm property is about four and one-half years. It is now stated by western men who appear to be familiar with the farm mortgage business that a majority of the farm mortgages in force are due; that is to say, that the terms of them have expired and that they continue in existence because the lenders are satisfied with the interest received.

Would these lenders, holding mortgages overdue, take no action if Bryan should be elected? Does not the western farmer see that they would demand payment and that they would foreclose if payment should not be made? Would not the election of Bryan be followed by a general resort to foreclosure proceedings on the part of mortgage holders who could legally take such a course? Would even the offer of a renewal of a mortgage upon terms binding the farmer to pay in gold prevent the lender from undertaking to reclaim his money? The Bryan platform calls for legislation which shall prevent the making of such agreements. Could the farmers fairly blame the lenders for desiring to recover their loaned money in 100 cent dollars before proposed and impending legislation should compel them to be satisfied with 53 cent dollars?

What would be the effect upon the farmers, whether silverites or advocates of honest money, of the inevitable panic conditions and this foreclosure movement? And if the silver standard should be adopted by legislation eight months or a year after the election of Bryan does the farmer think he could then borrow more money without great difficulty? Does he think, on the whole, that the agriculturists of the United States can gain anything by a policy of robbery and repudiation, which would make us detestable the world over?

There are many farmers—a great many, we believe—who see clearly how great would be the injury inflicted upon our agriculturists by the election of Bryan. These should strive to enlighten those tillers of the soil who have been misled by hired agents of the mine owners and other demagogues.—New York Times.

Keep it Before the People.

That the financial and business trouble in the country has occurred since Cleveland's election. That it has been brought about by the policy of the Democratic administration there can be no doubt. It gave the country such a blow between the eyes that it has not yet fully recovered. And now the Democrats propose to give it another blow harder than the first. The first blow was by free trade, the next is to be by free silver. Will the country stand up and take it? We believe not. Yet it goes before the people and asks that it may be retained in power, admitting its present failure, but offering a change of medicine for the sick patient.—Everett Press.

The Melancholy Cuckoo.

The American cuckoo belongs to the woodpecker tribe and is only a summer visitor, coming about the 1st of June and leaving early in the fall for Florida. Unlike the English cuckoo, ours builds its own nest and raises its young, to whom it is a most devoted parent. We have two species in this country, the yellow bill and the black bill, the latter being best known in Pennsylvania.

Both are smaller than the old world species and differ from it in color, being greenish olive above and bluish white beneath, while the European bird is black winged. The American cuckoo has a tail longer than its body, which gives it a hawklike appearance, and the plumage is soft and silky, like that of the owl, which enables it to fly without making any noise, so that we often hear its call without being able to see the bird.

Burroughs says, "This call of the cuckoo has a solitary hermitlike sound, as if the bird was alone in the world and called on the fates to witness his desolation." He has never heard the call answered, nor has he ever seen two birds together. The call is heard most in cloudy weather and before a rain, from which the bird gets the name of rain crow.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

HORSES MADE OVER.

HOW OLD STEEDS ARE TURNED INTO FRISKY ANIMALS.

Some of the Tricks Practiced by Rascally Sellers in the Horse Marts—Doctored Teeth, Glass Eyes and Puffed Skin Among the Commonest Devices.

While nearly every man in New York city probably thinks he is quite capable of judging the points of any horse he sees, there is really not one out of a hundred who could fathom a twentieth part of the tricks played every day in the places of the city where horses are bought and sold.

Take one little scheme that the swindling horse sellers of today have continually in practice. By common consent and by tradition the best accepted way of telling whether a horse is old or young is to examine his teeth. Twenty years ago almost any amateur would have been able to pass upon the age of a horse merely by making a careful examination of his mouth. But now the horse tricksters manipulate the teeth of an old steed so deftly that it takes a skilled horse surgeon to find them out.

The trick is called "bishoping." An old horse is taken and cavities are cut into the front teeth by the use of a diamond drill and a jeweler's drill brace. It is an exceedingly delicate operation, but one that is readily to be accomplished with a steady hand and a good instrument. These cavities are afterward blackened by nitrate of silver, so that all trace of their having been recently cut is removed.

The horse "jip" is not in any way the character he was a quarter of a century ago. Then, though clever, he was a comparatively ignorant bungler. Today he has all the equipment of horse science at his command, and it takes a wonderfully expert veterinarian to guard against his frauds at every possible point. It is a comparatively easy thing to guard if the buyer will only take proper precautions. In the reputable horse salesrooms of New York a buyer is allowed several days for careful examination before he closes his purchase. This is given so that a thorough and complete veterinary examination may be made. Where no such time is allowed the man who has an eye upon a horse, no matter how superb that horse may look as he is brought out for sale, had better have a care.

Perhaps the most clever trick that is in existence today in the patching up of a worthless horse is the way animals with "sweeneyed" shoulders are handled. "Sweeneyed" shoulders means shoulders whose muscles have wasted away. This disease is a frequent one with old, wornout horses. It is overcome by blowing up the skin, either with a goose quill or by a hypodermic syringe. The latter is much the better method, for it leaves less of a wound. Blown up, these shoulders present a capital appearance and make even the oldest horse look quite young again. It takes several days for the shoulders to resume their flabbiness, and is a trick that will deceive nearly every one.

It is, however, very easy to detect the fraud. Close examination reveals that the shoulders have no muscular development, that the ridges of the muscles are not shown, and that it is all one even surface, simply bulged out.

The same trick is tried over the eye. In old horses there is a hollow cavity which does not exist in young animals. A little work with an empty hypodermic syringe gives a plump appearance to the flesh over the eye and makes the horse seem young again.

Glass eyes are very frequently inserted, and it is an easy operation, six muscles and the optic nerve having to be cut when the artificial eye is inserted. These eyes are made to look natural indeed, and the best way of telling that they are glass is to simply move a finger rapidly up and down before the eye to be tested. If the eye is a natural one and in good condition, the horse will wink and blink and commence to toss his head.

The schemes that are resorted to to put a broken down old horse into temporarily good form are innumerable, and most of them are very clever. What is called "mechanical" lameness—i. e., a defect in the articulation of the joints—cannot of course be cured or even minimized. There is no chance of patching up a horse afflicted in that way. But, on the other hand, chronic lameness is very readily to be treated so as to deceive everybody but an expert. What makes a horse step lame under these conditions is because the movement hurts it. The trickster in this event injects one-half of a dram of a 5 per cent solution of cocaine in each side of the leg, in this way deadening the nerve. The horse steps precisely as well as if he had absolutely nothing the matter with him, and he will do so for an hour at least, or during the time of the sale at any rate.

A horse that kicks can be made as quiet as a lamb for a long time merely by the injection of opiates, of which hyoscyamus or henbane is the best. Cocaine is also made use of to render a decrepit old steed lively. Dr. W. J. Gill, one of the best experts in New York city, told a Journal reporter that he had known cases where five grains of cocaine properly applied would make a played out animal as lively as a 2-year-old for several hours.

Dr. Gill went on to say that any expert, of course, who looked over a horse carefully could easily detect the injection of drugs and could make up his mind as to the actual condition of that horse. Still another trick is the repairing of defective hoofs that have cracks in them by filling up these cracks with gutta percha.

Two other tricks are well worth the mentioning. Both of them have regard to coach horses. While it is possible to buy horses of pretty nearly every other kind at low prices nowadays, good coach horses still command a good premium and a good pair of them will bring high values. There is a constant demand, and an increasing one, for horses of this type, but they must have capital action and perfect movement. Consequently there is a keen competition on the part of the "jips" to bring old horses seemingly up to this required level. A coach horse, to be all that is desired, must hold his head up. The "jips" can make a horse do this by putting sand in his ears. Then, again, they have solved the problem of how to make a horse champ artificially. They tie a bag of aloes or arsenic under his bit, and the old, worn out animal, that has none of the real qualifications for prancing in front of my lady's brougham, under the influence of these drugs in his mouth, wakes up, careers in the most haughty way and froths at the mouth as if he were to the manner born. —New York Journal.

Change Wanted.

"What is that piece of music you are practicing?" asked the tortured guest.

"The 'Lover's Arrival.'"

"Ah, thanks. Couldn't you now favor us with the 'Bride's Departure?'"—Detroit Free Press.

Fancy Watering Pots.

One might think that watering pots were made simply of tin, iron and zinc, and so they are—most of them—but there are also watering pots made of china and of the blue ware of delft. There are produced in France watering pots of fine china, in sizes half pints to quarts, which are made all in one piece, including handles, spout and sprinkler, and in white and other colors and decorated, which sell at $4 to $20 each. A number of such sprinklers were imported awhile ago, but the demand for them was not sufficient to warrant continued importation.

The delft watering pots are made in sizes of pints and quarts and sell at about $6.50 and $7.50. In the delft pots the outer half of the spout and the sprinkler attached are of metal, silver plated. A few delft watering pots are sold, but the call for them is extremely limited.

There is now imported a china watering pot of about a quart in size, made in white china and decorated in colors and with gilt, which sells as low as $2.50. Of these a larger number have been sold.

Such watering pots may be used in a conservatory, but they are as often used to hold out flowers.—New York Sun.



"It's a Good Thing. Push it Along."

BattleAx PLUG

Why buy a newspaper unless you can profit by the expense? For 5 cents you can get almost as much "BATTLE AX" as you can of other high grade brands for 10 cents. Here's news that will repay you for the cost of your newspaper to-day.

Do you want any Printing?

The attention of the public is directed to the fact that the GAZETTE is better equipped to do Job Printing than any other office in Bristol, or for that matter, than any other office in Lower Bucks county. It has the largest assortment of job types selected with care for beauty of face and diversity of work, and also has a large variety of electro engravings, borders, rules, etc., which go a great ways oft times towards making a good looking and attractive piece of printing. It has four sizes of printing presses of the best makes, and other requisite machinery which enables work to be done in the best manner. The presses are run by steam power and execute their work with precision and rapidity.

The stock of plain and fancy papers, envelopes, cut cards and card board is as large as the demand warrants and is kept up in its variety. A fine line of samples of the latest designs in ball programs, tickets, menu cards, society emblems is kept for the convenience of those who wish something especially attractive.

The mechanical department is in charge of and superintended by an experienced job printer, who gives his personal supervision to the correct and tasteful execution of all orders entrusted to the office.

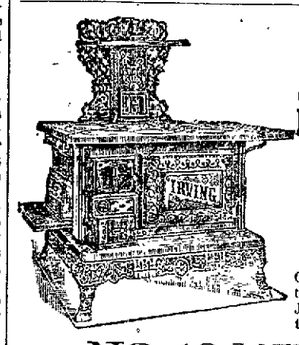
Our prices are very low compared to the quality of the work given, but we do not care to enter into competition with irresponsible slop shop printers who have no conception of the requirements of artistic printing.

As a proof of our ability we claim that we do more work, and have better facilities for doing it than all the other offices in Bristol combined. We have the trade and are determined to keep it, if fair dealing, good work and satisfactory prices will accomplish that end.

All we ask from those who are not now our customers is to give us a fair trial

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EXPERIENCED RIDERS *** Select the Waverly because they have learned to know the difference between a wheel that is actually high grade and one that is simply claimed to be. Some others may be good but the Waverly is the highest of all high grades Scorcher (three heights) $85.00, Belle 26 and 28 inch $75.00 and $85.00. Made by

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Thursday, August 27

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He guarantees every pair of glasses ordered to be satisfactory, and expects to win your confidence by the skillful and accurate manner in which he gives you improved and comfortable vision.

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Also SPICES of all kinds, WARRANTED PURE, at low prices.

☞ Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately Compounded.

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OF FURNITURE of all kinds.

CARPETS beaten, sewed and laid. Window Shades, Awnings, Slip Covers. Mattresses made over—hair thoroughly picked, feathers renovated by steam.

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Orders from the surrounding country will receive my personal attention.

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With gold badge for ten days. Others sell them—we give them away, "Life of McKinley and Hobart," by Murat Halstead. Introduction by Chauncey M. Depew. Agents make $20 a day. We pay freight, largest commissions. Note prizes offered. $5 in gold each agent selling 100 books. $50 agent selling most; $25 next largest; $10 third. Send us your orders. SELL & CO., 1033 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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BREAKING A RECORD.

The manager of the London and Glasgow air line railway, Mr. Swipes, sent me an invitation marked "private," saying that he was bound to beat the record made by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad now that they had come out into print about it.

He added that when the New York Central broke the English record they did so with their Empire State express, which any one could have traveled on who had the money to pay his fare. This, he claimed, was the right way of breaking a record if you are going to write about it afterward.

Nevertheless he was going to follow the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern fashion, just to see what his railroad could do, and he invited me, as a person owning an American watch, to come upon the trip, but begged me to say nothing whatever about it, for, he said, instead of breaking the record we might perhaps break our necks.

I was to meet him at the London terminus of the London and Glasgow air line at exactly 12 midnight, three weeks ago. There was some little risk in going out at that hour, for it is well known that one of the most obnoxious and oppressive laws, made by King Edward himself, is that every man in London must be in his own house at 8:40 o'clock and have lights out and be in bed at 9.

Any one out after that hour is liable to arrest, so I stole up and down through the streets and dodged the policemen until I came to the terminus. Here I was amazed to find an immense locomotive and one flat car, with two camp stools on it.

"What's this for?" I said to Swipes.

"We're going to break the record with this train," he replied. "I want to have it as light as possible, for any ordinary carriage meets with such resistance in passing so quickly through the atmosphere that I concluded to take a freight car, and if we have a smash up it won't be so expensive."

"But you don't expect me to sit on one of those stools in the open air from here to Glasgow?" I cried aghast.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "The stools are fastened to the floor of the car, and I have shawl straps with which you can fasten yourself to the stool. There won't be any trouble on that score."

"Where are the other fellows?" I asked.

"There aren't any," he answered. "When you are going to break a record, the fewer you have on board the better. Watches differ, and it would be bad if there was a quarrel about time. Your watch shall be the only official timepiece in the company. Mine, as I think I told you in the letter, generally loses 2 hours out of the 24, so I think we had better not trust to it."

I strapped myself to one stool and Swipes strapped himself to the other, and at 12:15 we pulled out of Marylebone terminus. It was agreed that we were not to begin the record until we passed Highgate, and were thus safely out of the influence of London.

The distance from London to Glasgow is 401.5 miles. We had for engineer Peter McGump, who was a Scotchman, and therefore knew the road to Glasgow well, and Billy Jones of Whitechapel did the firing.

We had no brakeman, because, as Swipes said, it was not on the brakes we were going to depend for breaking the record.

The engine was known as the Mary Jane and familiar to all the operators on the road as "Her Golden Hair Is Hangin Down 'er Back." She gets this nickname from her great speed and from the fact that the smoke with sparks in it trails out behind like a great banner.

After leaving Highgate Peter gave her more steam, and the speed began to be something appalling.

"Oh, it's nothing to what we'll have by and by," said Swipes, as he watched me making an ineffectual grab at my hat, which disappeared in the darkness.

Swipes counted the milestones while I ticked off the seconds on my watch, and before long we were going 70 miles an hour. We had the advantage over the American road in the fact that there are rarely any grade crossings in England and that one railroad is never allowed to cross another on the level.

By the time we passed Toad-in-the-Hole we were doing 85 miles an hour, but as the Lake Shore train had attained a speed of 92.3, Swipes yelled to Peter as well as he could to give her more speed, because if she didn't put in her best licks now, what could we expect when we came to the high grounds and the stiff grades of the midlands?

This shouting of Swipes, however, had no effect, because we were going so fast that his words never reached Peter, who stood with his hand on the lever, watching grimly the track in front. As Swipes continued to shout out the mile posts I cried:

"Hold on! It's the telegraph poles you are counting."

"No, it isn't," he replied. "It's the mileposts."

"Nonsense," I cried. "In that way we are going at the rate of 108 miles an hour."

"A hundred and eight it is, then," he said. "Stoke her up, Peter."

I then called the general manager's attention to the fact that it was not etiquette to tell an engine driver to "stoke up," as that duty was performed by Billy Jones. He apparently learned for the first time that engineers do not do their own stoking, and he thanked me for the information.

At last the milestones passed so rapidly that Swipes could not keep track of them; so we abandoned the attempt to count them and took only the stations, as we had a record of the distance between them.

I saw now by making a calculation between two stations that we were going at the rate of 160.45 an hour, and my hair would have stood on an end were it not for the fact that it was standing straight out behind.

By this time the stations passed us in one continuous streak, as if we were running through the suburbs of a big city, and I was wondering all the time when we would come to the town, but finally I realized that it was impossible to keep time with my excellent watch, and so we would have to lump the thing by calculating how long it took us to come from London to Glasgow.

The lid of my watch, which I now inadvertently exposed to the breeze, snapped and blew away, and I saw that the gold of the hunting case was beginning to flake off, so I put it in my pocket to save the rest of it.

I knew it was not yet two hours since we left London, and to my astonishment I spied the spires of Glasgow. I recognized the place because I was born there.

"That can't be Glasgow," I shouted to Swipes. "If it is, we have traveled something like 200 miles an hour, and the Lord only knows what speed we attained in making up for the time when we were crawling on at 70 and 80."

"That's Glasgow all right enough," said Swipes. Then he yelled to Peter. "For heaven's sake, shut off steam. Don't you see where we are?"

But Peter was struggling with his engine, and all at once he yelled back at us:

"I can't stop her, sir!"

"Heavens and earth!" said I. "What is to be done?"

"I don't know," said Swipes. "It's my own fault. I told Peter in the hearing of the engine, and she is one of the cutest engines on the road, that we were bound to break the American record, which is 510 miles. You see, it's only 401.5 miles to Glasgow, and I'll bet you that brute is bound to do the other 109 miles tonight, even if she has to do it on the highway. The railway stops at Glasgow, and I don't know what's going to happen."

As he concluded the sentence there was a crash and a bang, and the next moment we were in the principal street of Glasgow tearing along the rails of the street car line. Luckily, the same law being in force as was in London, nobody was out on the streets, and so we went at the rate of 84.75 miles an hour up the main thoroughfare of Glasgow and finally struck the north road for the Highlands.

When we got about 50 miles on the main road from Glasgow, sometimes slowing down to 63 miles an hour, on the hills, Peter, with a white face, turned to us and shouted:

"My God, sir, we're on the Craigenputtoch Loch road, and the Craigenputtoch loch is at the end of it, about 50 miles ahead."

"How far is it from London?" yelled Swipes, putting his hands beside his mouth to make the sound carry.

"The middle of Craigenputtoch loch is just 510 miles from London and it is over 1,000 feet deep in the middle," shouted Peter.

"That's where she's making for," cried Swipes unbuckling the straps and clinging to the stool.

"Jump, Peter, jump," cried Swipes as he threw off the straps.

Peter did so, and I cut the strap that held me. Instantly we were all—Peter, the stoker, Swipes and myself—lying on the hillside on the heather. The doomed train plunged right into the center of the lake. It had completed its 510 mile race and used up the fraction by sinking 1,000 feet to the bottom.

Luckily none of us was hurt in the slightest, with the exception that Swipes sustained a compound fracture of the thigh. Peter had both arms broken, Jones had all his ribs and one ankle smashed, while I had my veracity sprained so badly that no one has ever been able to believe a word I have uttered since.—Detroit Free Press.

FIRST BUILDER OF THE VATICAN.

The Vast Structure Is Mainly Due to Pope Nicholas V.

The present existence of this palace is principally due to Nicholas V, the builder pope, whose gigantic scheme would startle a modern architect. His plan was to build the church of St. Peter's as a starting point and then to construct one vast central habitat for the papal administration, covering the whole of what is called the Borgo, from the castle of Sant' Angelo to the cathedral. In ancient times a portico, or covered way supported on columns, led from the bridge to the church, and it was probably from this real structure that Nicholas began his imaginary one, only a small part of which was ever completed. That small portion alone comprises the basilica and the Vatican palace, which together form by far the greatest continuous mass of buildings in the world. The Coliseum is 195 yards long by 156 broad, including the thickness of the walls. St. Peter's church alone is 205 yards long and 156 broad, so that the whole Coliseum would easily stand upon the ground plan of the church, while the Vatican palace is more than half as large again.

Nicholas V died in 1455, and the oldest parts of the present Vatican palace are not older than his reign. They are generally known as the Torre Borgia, from having been inhabited by Alexander VI, who died of poison in the third of the rooms now occupied by the library, counting from the library side. The windows of these rooms look upon the large square court of the Belvedere, and that part of the palace is not visible from without.

Portions of the substructure of the earlier building were no doubt utilized by Nicholas, and the secret gallery which connects the Vatican with the mausoleum of Hadrian is generally attributed to Pope John XXIII, who died in 1417, but on the whole it may be said that the Vatican palace is originally a building of the period of the renaissance, to which all successive popes have made additions.—F. Marion Crawford in Century.

FANNED BY A SNAKE.

It Was Tame, Had Been Taught Tricks and Was Quite Useful.

"About five years ago," said C. T. Buckman, a well known resident of Visalia, "while I was spending a summer in the mountains northeast of Visalia, I captured a large bullsnake.

"Being alone in the mountains and having lots of spare time on my hands, I was able to teach Slippery Dick tricks. I taught him to come at call, to coil up, to dance and many other tricks. He would coil up on the table his head in the center of the coil, elevated about six inches in the air. I would place the handle of a small fan in his mouth, and then Dick would gently wave the fan to and fro, and thus keep the flies and insects away from my face when I slept.

"He was as good as a cat to keep the house free from mice. I often saw him bring in 10 to 12 in a day. His fondness for mice was his ruin. It happened this way: One day I missed Dick, and though I hunted and called all day I could not find any trace of my pet. One day, about a week after his disappearance, having occasion to explore the loft of the cabin in which I was residing, I came across the remains of my old friend. Apparently he had been more than ordinarily mouse hungry, and in his haste to satiate his appetite had swallowed a live mouse, and the mouse had done the rest. Poor Dick, I can imagine his surprise at the strange commotion on his inside, but it was a case of reward for gluttony. No doubt he repented when it was too late."—San Francisco Call.

Ugly Athenian Coins.

It is little surprising that the Athenian coins are less beautiful than some others. They always preserved an affectation of archaism. The Attic drachmas bore the head of Athene, and on the reverse an owl, often standing on a lyre, the whole in a myrtle wreath. Plutarch, in his "Lysander," tells an amusing tale how Glippus had been sent to Sparta with a great sum of money as a bribe, and how he unripped the bottoms of the sacks and stole large sums, sewing up the sacks again, not knowing that there was a writing in each sack saying how much coin it held. On coming to Sparta he hid his plunder under the tiles of his house, showing the Ephors the unbroken seals on the mouths of the sacks. When the Ephors opened these, they were in great perplexity. But Glippus' servant betrayed him, saying, "that under the tiles roosted the owls." The consternation was great. Glippus fled, and the stern Spartans declared that for the future they would use iron coinage made redhot and quenched in vinegar to make it hard and unpliable. In the laws of Solon, 600 B. C., the punishment of death is recorded against forging the coinage.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Fair Rosamond's Bower.

Henry III's chief garden was at Woodstock, but he was not the originator of it, as there had been a garden there in the time of the second Henry. In it was the labyrinth which concealed the "bower," made famous by the tragic fate of the fair Rosamond. A halo of romance and mystery hangs around this hiding place, but in reality labyrinths were by no means uncommon. There is evidence of the existence of labyrinths in very early times, and they presumably suggested the maze of more modern date.

The first labyrinths were winding paths cut in the ground, and the survival of them is still traceable in several places in England. Of these Saffron Walden, with its encircling ditch, is the most striking example. Camden describes one existing in his time in Dorsetshire, which went by the name of Troy town or Julian's bower.—"A History of Gardening In England."

Kean and His Audience.

The sympathy between Kean and his audience is well illustrated by an anecdote respecting the great actor's first appearance in the character of Sir Giles Overreach. After the performance he went home and told his wife that he had achieved a great triumph. "Why," he said, "at the end of the performance the pit rose at me, frantic with enthusiasm." Mrs. Kean, who was a bit of a tuft hunter, said, "But what did Lord —— think of it?" Kean replied, 'D—n Lord ——! I played to the intelligence of the pit, which understood and rewarded me."—Notes and Queries.

A Scotch newspaper declares that a celebrated vocalist narrowly escaped with his life, his carriage having been upset near Edinburgh, but he was able to appear the same evening in three pieces.

The Mohammedan year is lunar. The civil months of the Mohammedan are adopted to the lunar months by the cycle of 30 years, in which 19 have 354 days and 11 have 355.

IT RAINED DOGS.

The Shower Was of Short Duration, but Was Lively While It Lasted.

"Once in my experience," said a Montana man in a musing tone, "I can remember when it actually rained dogs. The shower did not last more than five minutes, but they came very lively while they were coming. The way it came about was this:

"We thought we would play a joke on the mayor of the town in which I lived. When I say we, I mean the board of councilmen. The mayor had been heard to say that he wanted a dog, and along this line we worked out our joke. We resolved ourselves into a committee of the whole to hunt down all the dogs in the town. There were a good many dogs in this town, a good many that seemed to be 'their own dogs,' so we collected them together and placed them all in the mayor's room one night. He was a bachelor and had chambers over the first floor of the house which was known as the Town hall. The president of the board and myself had collected the dogs, and while the other councilmen took the mayor to help them decorate the town a bright vermilion hue we slipped the animals into his room. We then joined the rest of the council. With due respect we all saw the mayor to his home at about 2:30 o'clock the next morning. The mayor was able to walk alone if it was late in the morning, so, letting him go by himself up the steps to his room, we stood under the windows to watch what would happen next.

"Soon we heard a struggling sound, then a door banged to. A light showed in the windows. The windows were thrown up with a crash. Amid a chorus of wild yelps and muttered curses the shower of dogs began.

"'Look out!' shouted the president of the board, who was the first to get control over his laughter as the shower commenced slackening. 'He will begin to shoot!'

"The warning came none too soon, nor scarcely soon enough I thought the next day as I examined a bullet hole in my hat. There was a glitter of bright steel in the window above, and then that gatling gun sound which only a Montana man can make a pistol produce.

"The council adjourned."—Louisville Commercial.

She Was Contrary.

The Spaniards are generally looked upon as a more or less melancholy race, due perhaps to the dying glory of their land and the admixture of blood from the grave and solemn Moors. Yet a gentleman who has been in Spain a good deal told a story the other day to a couple of friends which struck them as pretty humorous. There was a farmer who had a very contrary wife. When he told her to do a certain thing, she was sure to do the opposite. One day they were crossing a broad stream mounted on a sturdy donkey. "My wife, beat not thy donkey, lest he throw thee into the river," said the swain. At once she began belaboring the animal, and was thrown into the river and drowned before her husband could rescue her. He got to the other shore, and, riding up about a mile, commenced searching the bank of the river for his deceased spouse. Some people asked for what he was looking.

"For my wife, who drowned about a mile below here."

"But, my dear man, bodies float down stream."

"Not my wife. She was a very contrary woman." And he continued his vain search.—Louisville Commercial.

An Injudicious Clerk.

A prominent photographer of Boston hired a young man who, he thought, would make an affable assistant. The clientele of the house was among the smart set. A well known resident of Beacon street was in correspondence with the firm about some cabinets. He was blest with superfluous flesh. His weight was on the verge of 300 pounds. He was bashful about his avoirdupois, wanted the utmost secrecy in taking his picture, and, as he said in his letter, "he didn't want to be looked upon as a rare animal."

An engagement was made and the date set. When the customer called, he was met at the door by the new salesman.

Loud noises, cries of "You're crazy," "I'm insulted," were heard by the proprietor. Running out, he saw the fat man leaving the room. The latter's face was white with rage. His huge bulk moved with graceless haste down the stairs. "What's the matter?" yelled the boss at his new employee.

"Nothing."

"Nothing! What did you say to him."

"I only asked him if he came to sit for a group."—Boston Post.

Witty Miss Wilberforce.

When Wilberforce was a candidate for Hull, his sister, an amiable and witty young lady, offered to given new gown to the wife of every man who voted for her brother. When she made this offer at a political gathering, some one shouted, "Miss Wilberforce forever!" Whereupon she pleasantly observed, "I thank you very much for the good will expressed, but, really, I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce forever."—Washington Times.

The Wisdom of Maud.

"Come into the garden, Maud," but Maud was much too wise.

Said she: "Oh, no! The corn has ears and the potatoes eyes."—Indianapolis Journal.

As for jesting, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it—viz., religion, matters of state, great persons and business of importance and any case that deserveth pity.—Bacon.

Story of a Jack Pot.

Poker was much played in camp both north and south during the intervals of active warfare. When Colonel Len A. Harris of Cincinnati was left by Buell in charge of Fort McCook to cover the Union retreat, he and his officers beguiled the time by a game of draw. One day, just as the deal for a fat jack pot had been finished, a Confederate shell came crashing into the room. Out went the lights Every one dashed for the door. An aid who tells the story captured the stakes and hastily thrust them into his pocket. Harris got the handful of men safely out. After a hard ten days' march, during which no one took off his clothes, Harris joined Buell's army. "The first thing I did," said the aid, "was to hunt for a bath, and I and Captain —— found one. As he unbuttoned his coat for the first time in ten days he thrust his hand into his inside pocket and pulled out five cards. At the same time I produced the stakes. 'I've got an ace full,' he said, skinning out his hand. 'Give me the pot.' I turned it over to him. But I don't believe a jack pot was ever won under such circumstances before or since."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Nicknames For English Coins.

"I notice," said an Englishman who passed through New Orleans, "that you of the States have nicknames for your coins as we have in England. You have you nickels and dimes and quarters, or two bits, as they are sometimes called, your eagles, and so on. Listen and I will tell you the nicknames we have for our money. A farthing is called a 'fudge' and a ha'penny a 'meg.' There is no particular name for a penny. A sixpence is a 'tanner,' a shilling a 'bob.' The half crown and crown go by their right names. A pound is called a 'quid' and a £5 note a 'pony.' Money is a very dear commodity, and we all have our pet names for it."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Put as Strong as He Knew How.

"I am a little late this morning, brethren," explained the Rev. Mr. Goodman, as he rose to begin the service, "on account of having overslept myself. I was kept awake all of night before last by a toothache, and I slept so soundly last night that I could not have been awakened this morning by a call from a city church with a $10,000 salary attached. We will sing two stanzas of the hymn beginning:

"Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve
And press with vigor on!"

—Chicago Tribune.

ANIMALS IN HEAT AND COLD.

Sunstruck and Water Soaked Tigers and Basking Polar Bears.

Wild animals oppressed by heat are almost human in their actions. They seek shelter from the sun, thirst much for water and fall down at last sunstruck. The tigers of India seek jungles nearly impenetrable to man, where in the pools they wallow for hours chin deep in the water rather than endure the heat of the sun driving through the mass of foliage overhead. Further than this, they may sometimes be surprised, like deer, in the water.

Cattle seek the woods and shaded spots when the sun begins to show its fury, but they are soon driven out by a more deadly enemy, the armies of bloodthirsty and keenly weaponed insects, and resort to the hills. Curiously enough, many insects prefer keeping in the shade to quenching their thirst with blood. When the cattle seek the pools and streams, fish gather around to snap up the flies killed by the tails of the beasts.

Fishermen see deer along Adirondack and Maine lakes and streams in the hot days of summer. The deer in the streams nibble at a lily pad now and again and swim across to islands or the opposite shore.

No mammal bears the heat so well as domestic cats. When dogs seek the shade, cats stretch themselves out in the sun, and not till dogs pant in the shade will they move into the shadow. When it is hot, cats drink a good deal and lie quietly in a sort of dose, as if thinking of ice heaps and snowdrifts.

According to Mr. Hagenbeck, the Hamburg animal collector, the polar bears seem to enjoy the heat of midsummer. When the sun beats down hottest, these thick skinned brutes lie stretched out in the full glare, just as a dog or cat lies down before a fire in midwinter.

The birds of the fields, the roadside birds, the sparrows and the pigeons bathe in the hot dust, but also find delight in a pond, drinking great quantities of water and splashing about with the greatest enthusiasm.

In England the rooks gather round the sheep troughs waiting eagerly for the evening supply of water to be turned on. In Australia parrots and birds driven from their shady perches and flying over an opening in time of drought sometimes fall dead.

The woodchuck retires to the moist depths of its burrow, the squirrel to its home tree. The hare lies in the long grass beside a brook in an alder bed.

The snakes, the mud turtles, the drooning insects seek the cattle paths and road sands or some log in a pool of water on which the sun beats heaviest. The heat is to them welcome.—New York Sun.

A Malay Girl's Life.

At evening, when the fierce sun went down behind the green banyan tree that nearly hid Mount Pulei, the khateeb would sound the call to prayer on a hollow log that hung up before the little palm thatched mosque. Then Busuk and her playmates would fall on their faces, while the holy man sang in a soft, monotonous voice the promises of the Koran, the men of the campong answering. "Allah, il Allah," he would sing, and "Mohammed is his prophet," they would answer.

Every night Busuk would lie down on a mat on the floor of the house with a little wooden pillow under her neck, and when she dared she would peep down through the open spaces in the bamboo floor into the darkness beneath. Once she heard a low growl, and a great dark form stood right below her. She could see its tail lashing its sides with short, whiplike movements. Then all the dogs in the campong began to bark, and the men rushed down their ladders screaming, "Harimau! Harimau!" (A tiger! A tiger!) The next morning she found that her pet dog, Fatima, named after herself, had been killed by one stroke of the great beast's paw. Once a monster python swung from a cocoanut tree through the window of her home and wound itself round and round the post of her mother's loom. It took a dozen men to tie a rope to the serpent's tail and pull it out.

So the days were passed in the little campong under the gently swaying cocoanuts, and the little Malayan girl grew up like her companions, free and wild, with little thought beyond the morrow. That some day she was to be married she knew, for since her first birthday she had been engaged to Manat, the son of her father's friend, the punghulo of Bandor Bahru.—Rounseville Wildman in Overland Monthly.

Tigers, Cats and Bears In Hot Weather.

Cats never bathe, though tigers do so regularly in the Indian heats, and will sit for a long time up to their necks in water. But the cat seems to rejoice in any degree of heat and to be willing to sit in a cucumber frame of a greenhouse, or on a lead roof on the hottest days of the year. On the other hand, they become very thirsty in such weather, and in the backs of small London houses climb up to the cisterns to drink. Mr. Hagenbeck, the owner of the Thier park, at Hamburg, has found that his polar bears actually enjoy the hottest sun of midsummer and lie out exposed to its rays when other animals are distressed by the heat.

On the hottest day which he remembers to have felt in Hamburg, he went round the gardens at midday to see if the animals needed any special treatment. Cases of human sunstroke had been dropping in at the hospitals all the morning, and he was not surprised to find both a tiger and a leopard in a fit, and almost insensible. But the polar bear had left its inner cage and stretched itself flat on the hot stones, where it could enjoy to the full the excessive heat of the north German midsummer.—London Spectator.

Paris on Rations, 1794.

Paris is on ration, like a besieged city. Each person receives from his section a baker's card and is thereby entitled to receive from the baker, at the maximum price, as much bread, as the municipals consider sufficient for him and his family. This ration varies weekly. The baker is bound to calculate, from the number of mouths he feeds, the quantity of corn he will need to buy from the municipals, who distribute it weekly. We, who are not obliged to faire queue at the bakers' doors—thanks to my employ, I am exempt from this, and a bare sufficiency of bread is delivered, together with meat and vegetables, at my lodging daily—have very little conception of the sufferings of those who are. The queues are somewhat differently regulated in different sections, but my host's daughters, who take it in turn to go, are often waiting from 4 o'clock until 8 or 9 in the morning.—"Journal of a Spy."

A Perpetual Refrigerator.

At a depth of 3,000 feet the water in the sea remains at the freezing point. Farther down it becomes a little warmer. Despite this cold, there is more animal life there than in shallower water.—New York World.

Tall Buildings.

The craze for tall buildings that has recently shown itself in such a marked fashion in some of our large cities brings with it a new menace to health. The ventilating pipes of buildings of ordinary height discharge their contents into the air just in front of windows of these sky scrapers. A number of cases of fever have been traced directly to this cause. In view of this fact, it will be necessary to connect these escape pipes with other pipes that reach the top of the taller buildings in their vicinity. Under the circumstances the height of the building is a serious menace to health, and those who go up many feet above the street for the sake of getting good air to breathe are in great danger of finding worse ills than the atmosphere of the common level.—New York Ledger.

The Dyspeptics' Wish.

"The trouble is," said the man with the loud voice and the positive manner, "that women read too many novels nowadays."

"Oh, I dunno," replied Mr. Meekton, as he put his dyspepsia medicine in his vest pocket. "Sometimes I kind o' wish that Maria 'ud take ter Ouida an the Duchess an let the cookbook alone."—Washington Star

Yellowstone Park Waterfalls.

Yellowstone Park is the great playground of the water nymph. It revels in rills, mountain brooks rivers, both hot and cold, and lakes. It leaps about the great cataracts, disports itself in the rapids, flits through the veils of spray that gracefully sway hither and thither, and plays in the hundreds of cool trout streams that wind from sunlight to shadow, from canyon to meadow. But it finds its highest joy in the myriad waterfalls that abound. Here it abandons itself to pleasure supreme. And what wonder, when such cataracts, falls and cascades are there. Everywhere you find them. At the Grand Canyon are the majestic, deep-toned thunders of the Upper Falls 109 feet, and the Lower Falls 308 feet high. Between the two, Crystal Cascade tumbles down a deep dark glen into the river. Over near Yancey's is beautiful Tower Falls. Isolated in locality, it has for companions the many black, needle like towers that are so stately. Near Morris Geyser Basin are the Virginia Cascades that go pirouetting down a gentle declivity, alongside the road. At the head of Golden Gate is the little Rustic Falls that glides with gentle murmur down into the canyon. Gibbon Falls, in the heart of the wild Gibbon Canyon, is a wide fan of foam and water sliding down the black, slippery rocks for a distance of 80 feet still further into the depths of the range.

If one will take horse and ride from Mammoth Hot Springs up the East Gardiner River road for three miles, he will be repaid by a sight of two or three lovely falls, deep among glens and mountain canyons. Overhung by dark rocks and mountains, with only the green for friends and companions they are beautiful pictures in the midst of wild and rugged scenes.

Besides these there are many more, some easily accessible, others far within the hills, that must be seached for by the hardy explorer. They are gems born to blush unseen, except to him who goes in search of them at the same time derives pleasure and health from their pursuit.

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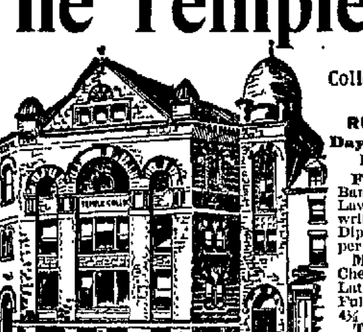
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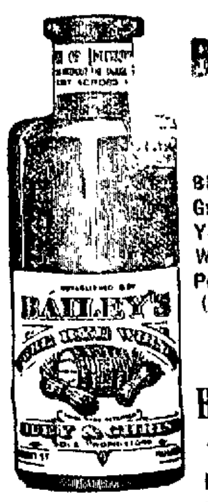
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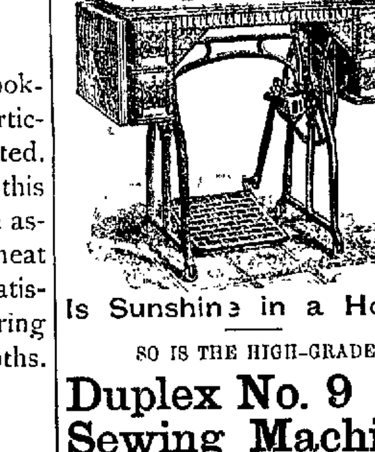
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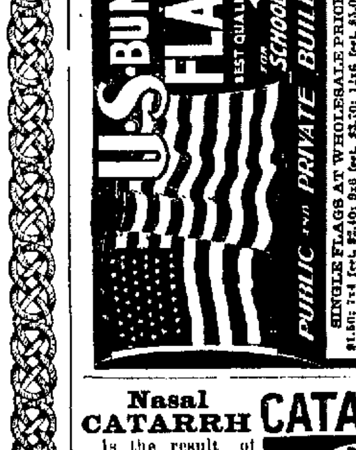
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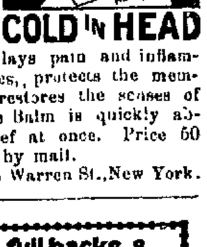
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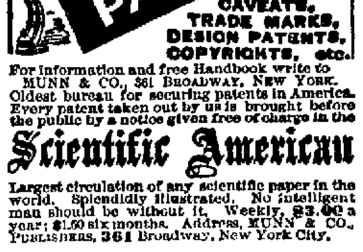
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